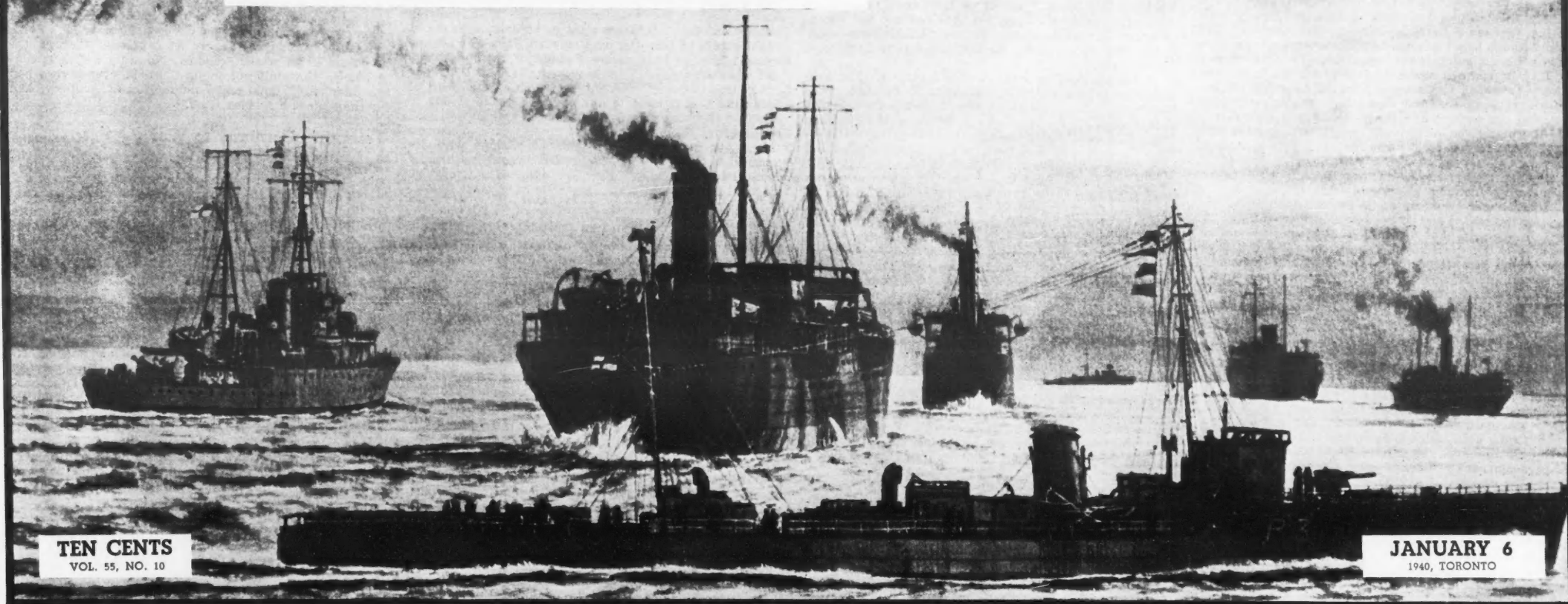


SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY



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THE daily press has adopted the odd habit of talking as if the end of a decade occurred on January 1 of the year whose number ends in zero. In actual fact, of course, it does nothing of the kind. The decade is completed on, and not before, December 31 of that same year. The present year is properly the last of the 'thirties, and not the first of the 'forties. And what is happening in it is the logical conclusion of everything that the political and economic tendencies of the 'thirties have been leading up to.

It is conceivable that the present war might have been headed off in 1932 or 1935; by 1937 it was scarcely conceivable that any conclusion except a major war could straighten out the tangle. The present war is the result of the character of the régime in Germany. The régime in Germany is the result of economic events in the first half of the decade. The economic events were the result of policies pursued, not with bad intentions but in selfishness and ignorance, by the great nations of the world during the decade preceding. Chickens still have the annoying habit of coming home to roost.

The war was the only way out of the tangle, but it is a way out. Obscure as the future must inevitably be during the course of a great war, and particularly of one in which the diplomatic alignments are still uncertain, there are nevertheless a few things about the future that we know with considerable certainty, and if we put them together we shall find that we know a good deal, and that what we know is not disheartening.

We may assume, for example, with considerable confidence that Germany will not win this war. She is capable of inflicting a good deal of damage on the Allies, if she is willing to expose herself to even greater damage, by starting the business of large scale fighting on the Western Front, or of ruthless bombing of non-military objectives. These things will not be started by the Allies, because they, unlike Germany, are still dependent to a large measure upon the support of public opinion in the outside world; Germany can expect nobody's voluntary support except that of Russia, which is not affected by public opinion anywhere, least of all in Russia.

We can assume that the end of warfare will mean the end of the totalitarian régime in Germany, and with it a pretty general discrediting of the totalitarian idea all over the world.

We can assume that with the establishment of more liberal régimes in Germany and in other states which have gone totalitarian either in emulation of or in self-defence against Germany, there will come a very considerable relaxation of the artificial barriers which have paralyzed international trade for most of the last twenty years. We can assume that the era of guns instead of butter, of high explosives instead of wheat and flour, and of ration cards instead of rational reading matter, will be at an end.

But this leads to a further safe assumption. Canada is a trading nation. With a paltry eleven million people, it is one of the greatest trading nations in the world, with a per capita trade far exceeding that of any other important country. In a trading world, Canada gets along very well. In a non-trading totalitarian world, such as we have had to deal with for most of the last ten years, Canada gets along very badly.

The Post-War World

IT DOES not greatly matter what happens to Russia at the end of this war. She has revealed herself as being incapable of being a dangerous enemy, and the propaganda value of her revolutionary economic ideas has been seriously diminished. The description of her general inefficiency, which Col. Drew began publishing in these columns several weeks before the outbreak of the Finnish War, and which at that time was regarded as exaggerated by many readers, has been more than borne out by the events of December. The idea that some kind of a crusade will be necessary in order to prevent Russia from becoming a danger to Europe seems to us to be preposterous.

Germany will be economically exhausted, and at

THE FRONT PAGE

last convinced that a redistribution of the world's territory, effected by force of arms, is impossible, and that the satisfaction of her legitimate ambitions must be sought in some other direction.

Italy will be considerably more powerful than at any time since its unification, and will have so large a share of the commerce of the Mediterranean that she will cease to resent the fact that that sea, being a closed sea, is necessarily controlled at both its entrances by the forces of Great Britain.

The British and French, more closely united in policy than ever in their history and having no purpose to serve except the preservation of peace, will co-operate for that end and for the guaranteeing of the great trade routes of the world by their combined fleets, whose preponderance, sufficient in itself during the nineteenth century, will henceforth be backed up by a corresponding preponderance in respect of air power and undersea power, the two arms of more recent invention which are now needed to supplement the surface navy.

In the background, determined to stay out of every kind of belligerency as long as possible, but equally determined to defend its own interests against aggressors whenever they threaten, will be the United States. Its economic power will always be available, in case of conflict, for the side which possesses the mastery of the sea, and that side, as we have seen, will be the side which supports the status quo against forcible aggression.

We should be in sight of another period of the domination of the world by a group of civilized nations—the best type of international management that we can hope for until a more efficient form of the League of Nations is designed and made workable. SATURDAY NIGHT is not greatly distressed by the fact that this domination may be described as "power politics." We have had a decade too much of powerless politics in international affairs.

False Pacifism

WE ARE indebted to a Montreal correspondent for a letter drawing attention to what we strongly suspect is a common characteristic running through the thinking of a large proportion of the

signers of the recent "Witness Against War." This is the idea that the use of force, which the signers reprobate so vehemently when employed by a national government against a national government, is entirely legitimate and proper when employed by a class against a class. Our correspondent's quotation from the Rev. R. Edis Fairbairn's contribution to that remarkable volume, "Towards the Christian Revolution," is not an isolated phenomenon. It represents an extremely common attitude of mind among an element in the Christian clergy and laity alike who have been emotionally disturbed—and small blame to them—by the widespread hardships and sufferings of the depressed classes during the last ten years, and have been thrown off their mental balance in consequence. To be emotionally disturbed by the sufferings of others is excellent, especially if it leads to efforts to remedy those sufferings; but to have one's whole system of logical and coherent thought thrown out of gear by that disturbance is not excellent, and is likely to lead to efforts which will do no good to anybody.

People who protest against the use of force between nations and justify the use of force between classes have no right to pose as consistent and logical pacifists. Pacifism involves the reprobation of force in all circumstances, or it is not pacifism at all, it is merely an objection to a particular form of organization for the purpose of government. The Rev. Mr. Fairbairn does not really object to the use of violence, he objects to the capitalistic state—the type of organization for the purpose of government in which private property is accepted as a fundamental element. He dislikes the capitalistic state so much that he is willing to condone violence when employed for the purpose of its overthrow. We fancy that his attitude of mind is not uncommon among those who oppose the participation of Canada in the present war. Many of them have probably little difficulty in regarding the war of Russia against Finland as being really a class conflict between the oppressed Finnish masses, striving to achieve their liberty through a so-called soviet government at Terijoki, and the oppressive capitalists who run the national Finnish government at Helsinki. To such minds the conversion of the world from capitalism becomes far more important than its conversion

THE PASSING SHOW

BY HAL FRANK

WE DISCOUNT all these stories about impending peace proposals from Germany. The only way Hitler could have a change of heart would be by a grafting operation.

WORLD POLITICAL WEATHER FORECAST

1940.—

Outlook dour.

—Old Weather-eyed Manuscript.

But perhaps the reason why the Canadian Parliament is not yet in session is because it is waiting for a convoy.

We suspect that the only New Year's resolution that will not be broken during 1940 is that of Great Britain and France.

As far as the war at sea is concerned, Germany's stock is rapidly going down.

A reader suggests a paraphrase of that first Great War song: "Oh, oh, oh, it's a lullaby war!"

Timus, who is our expert on world affairs, says that the quiet in Germany has an ominous sound.

Question of the Hour: Whom are we going to live off until next pay day?

Latest reports from Helsinki, Finland, would seem to indicate that what Stalin has been throwing against Finland are his cracking up troops.

And you will know it is Utopia, too, because when the bank phones you will know it is only to pass the time of day.

There is quite evidently a split in the German leadership. There is plenty of thunder from Goebbels but from Hitler no lightning war.

On the surface there no longer seems to be any difference between communism and fascism, but we suspect that underneath there are differences.

A writer in a feminine magazine says that women will take over the world after the end of the war. That's hopeful, considering what miraculous things women can make out of cast-offs.

The story of General Goering's private wealth does not surprise us. We've heard before of the fat living off the land.

Esther says that she's depressed to hear that the film version of "Gone With the Wind" lasts four hours. She says, oh, dear, I'll never have time to finish the movie either.

↑ THE PICTURE ↑

THE CONVOY takes up night stations. One of the most ticklish jobs the Navy is carrying out in this war is the convoying of thousands of ships daily. Here is an artist's vivid impression of a convoy taking up night stations at sunset as the vessels proceed in calm weather. As the merchant vessels steam slowly ahead, the escort changes position for the night. A cruiser goes ahead, always on watch (it is seen on distant horizon) for enemy submarines or airplanes. On left is an escort vessel on anti-submarine duty. An Avro Anson plane of the R.A.F. has received a signal from a sister plane that she suspects a U-Boat in the vicinity.

to any real and effective form of Christianity. They are entitled to their view, but we do not think they are entitled to expound it as a form of Christianity or as a form of pacifism.

Blunder and Consequences

WE BELIEVE Mr. Omer Heroux, editor-in-chief of the Montreal daily, *Le Devoir*, to be an entirely sincere and honest journalist, but we wish he had a little more imagination and a little more capacity for realizing the difficulties that crop up in the course of carrying on a large and complicated war. It is true that *Le Devoir* does not approve of Canada's participation in the war, and is careful to exhibit an entirely neutral attitude by shedding doubt on the veracity of the British communiqués whenever they are contradicted by the German ones. In so doing, it is well within the rights of French-Canadian journalism, and we have no intention of raising any protest about it. But we wish it would not be in such a hurry to place the worst possible interpretation on everything that happens in the Canadian Active Service Forces.

Mr. Heroux learned last week from an article in *L'Action Catholique* that "Mothers of French-Canadian soldiers are receiving letters from their sons which have been marked by some civil or military functionary with a note in pencil stating that hereafter it will be necessary to write in English or to run the risk of having letters intercepted." That the writing of such an annotation was a deplorable and almost incredible piece of blundering nobody will deny. But it is one of those blunders which have only to be brought to the attention of higher authorities to be immediately corrected; and in the meantime, nobody is going to be either killed or seriously damaged as a result of it.

Our own theory concerning it is quite simple, and there is nothing in the facts as at present known to render it either impossible or improbable. The Canadian Forces are, not altogether unnaturally, much addicted to following closely the example of the older and more experienced military organization of Great Britain. In most matters they do well to do so. In matters in which the climate is an essential factor they do not do quite so well, for the climate of Canada is entirely different from the climate of Great Britain. And in matters in which the French language is concerned, they obviously ought not to follow the example of the British military authorities at all.

The army of the United Kingdom is a one-language army, the Canadian army is not. It is obviously necessary that the correspondence sent out by members of the Active Forces should be censored, and it is obviously necessary that if it is to be censored it should be written in a language which the censors can understand. So far as the British Army is concerned, it is not necessary for the censor to understand any language but English. So far as the Canadian Forces are concerned, it is imperatively necessary that the censors should be equally competent in English and French. What has happened, we presume, is that the Canadian Forces have either borrowed a censor from the British Forces, and had

(Continued on Next Page)

What Is the Good of a "Crusade" Against Russia?

BY R. M. COPER

THE word crusade is going around. It is being used to convey the postulate that the Christian countries of Europe are under a holy obligation to cease their quarrels, and to form a common front against communistic Russia.

The Christian countries. That includes, of course, Germany; and if certain propagators of the idea in neutral countries could have their way, it would even include Hitlerite Germany. In this latter shape the scheme is outside the orbit of honorable discussion. But it must be said that, as Hitlerite Germany is not Christian, and Soviet Russia is not communistic, these strange crusaders have neither a moral nor a logical basis for their appeal.

If, however, we eliminate Hitler and speak of "the other Germany", the scheme loses one part of its unrealistic appearance. And we finally reach an acceptable platform for serious and decent discussion if we drop also the pretension of fighting against communism, and say that what is really meant is fighting against Russian imperialism.

The aim of the crusade has then shrunk to the desire of defeating Russia.

The political questions which obtrude themselves are those of the means and of the consequences.

To begin with, that "other Germany" which would be prepared to take part in the crusade; how would it have to look, and how would it have to come into existence?

A revolutionary or communistic Germany obviously would decline to enter the scheme, even if the leaders were not Muscovites. Such a government would simply not conclude military alliances with Britain and with France, apart from the fact that Britain and France themselves would not make pacts with it. Similar in effect, though for different reasons, would be the situation in a labor Germany. It would not go to war against anyone. A democratic (whether liberal or conservative) government in Germany would for a long time to come find its internal position so precarious that war would be the last thing with which it could start its career.

But the more we extend to the right our line of potential governments in Germany after this war, the smaller become the chances of such governments emerging. We must not blind ourselves to these facts. If the war should last as long as seems to be widely assumed now, the possibility of a communistic Germany amounts to a probability. It is difficult to see any other government emerge. But, of course, the crusaders, as far as they do not advocate peace with Hitler, do not think of a German government "emerging", but of it being brought about from outside. This is pure utopianism.

No Imposed Revolution

Many things would have happened differently if in 1917 and 1918 certain leading men in Britain and France had not held that Trotsky was a disguised German staff officer. The Russians naturally know better. But if that suspicion had spread to the Russian masses, which it could have done only if Trotsky's name and personality had not been so familiar to them, the revolution might have gone under in fratricidal strife. Since 1789 revolutions have been patriotic, and so will be the German revolution to come, no matter who will be its leaders. Any attempt to impose on the German people a government set up abroad with foreign blessing and foreign money is doomed to failure. Such a government might after a collapse perhaps be able to reach the German borders, but no more. The failure would be hastened and accentuated because only mediocre names which would mean nothing to the German masses could be found for such an undertaking.

After this process of elimination we arrive at the solution which is foremost in the minds of the would-be crusaders. They hope for the generals deposing Hitler.

THE PICTURES

BRITISH TROOPS INTENSIFY TRAINING. Great Britain is not being fooled by the lull in the war. The announcement that 2,000,000 additional men will be called to the colors in the near future indicates the seriousness of Britain's purpose. These pictures depict the intensive training that is going on in all parts of the country. UPPER, guns in action. LOWER LEFT, gun crew acknowledge receipt of troop commander's order; LOWER RIGHT, headquarters issuing orders during night manoeuvres.

and turning with the foe of yesterday against Russia. This sounds very simple and neat. A German general cannot, according to these idealists, but be opposed to the Fuehrer's disastrous policy. They do not, or cannot, see that the German high command is hopelessly split on the issue of the wisdom of Nazi policy, and they prefer to believe that the entire German military staff thinks as they would like them to think. But what counts are only the generals who are opposed to Hitler's policy, and all evidence points to their being too weak to do anything about it.

But let us assume that they can muster the strength for a successful "palace revolution", and depose Hitler, and that they will not hesitate to see part of Germany become, at least temporarily, the battleground of the

crusade; let us further assume that the German people will suddenly forget its horror of war, and follow a caste which is, compared with the Nazis, only the lesser of two evils to it, into war against Russia. Let us, in fact, assume everything that is unlikely to happen, and justify all these assumptions with the banal phrase that this world of ours is so topsy-turvy that even Prussianism may go pro-British. Then we have reached the admittedly not impossible, though improbable, situation which is the presupposition for discussing the consequences of the crusade.

It has had a forerunner in recent history. The general peace which lasted in Europe from the end of the Napoleonic wars until the outbreak of the First World War had as its background the decay of the Ottoman Empire. This decay began with the liberation of Greece from Turkey. There followed a long series of localized wars which culminated in the Balkan Wars of 1912-1913, the prelude to the First World War. It is, of course, not possible to ascribe the First World War to any one root, but there is no doubt that the Turkish situation was more responsible for it than any other single development. Turkey decayed because the rising strength of the Christian European Great Powers had deprived her of the chief justification for her existence, the spreading of Islam throughout the West. All the jealousies and divergencies of interests of the Great Powers might have come to a head much sooner than in 1914, if political and diplomatic intrigues had not taken the place of an open conflagration. But this diversion of energies was only a postponement of the final reckoning; the outbreak had to come, as things were, and it came when the Ottoman Empire was reduced to little Turkey, when, in other words, a state which was only passive in the play of great politics, was despoiled of everything it could contribute to the pacification of the others.

Britain Needs Russia

There is no moral to be drawn from this story, and only a limited parallel to it. But limited as the parallel with the anti-Russian crusade is, it is significant. We have said that the Ottoman Empire decayed for reasons of its own. Although this was obvious, attempts were made by British governments during the latter half of the last century to stop the decay, because these governments the outcome was still more obvious than the causes of the process, and because they wanted to maintain Turkey as a bulwark against Russia in the Mediterranean. The case of present-day Russia differs in that there are no inherent reasons which tend to reduce her to international weakness of the Ottoman type, and it seems to be the height of folly to change this state artificially. For, different from what things were in the last century, today a unified and strong Russia, as far as strength goes in that country, is a smaller danger to the British Empire than a dismembered and weak Russia.

The world is already full of turmoil created by the mere existence of small nations. These nations may be strong in themselves, but they are necessarily weak internationally. During the last two decades we have seen how vacillations on the part of great powers multiplied

in number and intensity when they penetrated to the smaller countries.

We must not confuse justice with sentimentality. We must have every respect and consideration for the wish of small nations to remain independent. But we must not allow them to take a hand in great politics with deplorable consequences for all. The desire of the Balkan nations, for instance, to preserve their status is honorable. But this status must be so defined as not to enable them to play Germany against Russia, or Russia against Italy, or Italy against France, or, in short, someone against anyone. This is the true task of the peace conference to come; not merely to create "some sort of federation", and an international police force, but to establish clear-cut spheres of influence in which everyone can live, and in which the Great Powers have to concern themselves only with those smaller nations who are assigned to them, and the smaller nations only with those Great Powers to whom they are assigned. After that we must hope for the best.

Spheres of Interest

There is no doubt, however, that this system can be made to work. When in the spring of 1914 Serbia and Montenegro (both parts of Yugoslavia now) agreed to merge their armies, customs, finances, and most other branches of administration, and to retain practically nothing but their dynasties, Vienna, which dreaded the prospect, did not even bother to protest in Belgrade and Cetinje, but it protested in St. Petersburg; and St. Petersburg advised the two countries to shelve the project. But if this had happened in the open, under internationally established and acknowledged spheres of interest, it would not have created friction between two Great Powers. It would rather have been a source of satisfaction to the Great Power appointed to guard that sphere.

Now let us look at the anti-Russian crusade in the light of these observations. There may be many who would think that the possibility of buying a precarious peace at the expense of Russia is worth the attempt, and they would probably console themselves with the idea that any feeling of compunction would be out of place. But here again we are not confronted with a moral question. The probability is that a defeated Russia would dissolve itself into numerous states, and that the race between great and small nations for domination of these states would lay the seed for endless future conflicts. Russia would, in other words, take the place which the Ottoman Empire and its successor states in the Balkans held for a century prior to 1914. The alternative of a defeated Russia remaining territorially intact presents an even darker prospect.

When in 1905 the Kaiser and the Tsar concluded a secret military alliance, the German chancellor, the arch-intriguer Prince Buelow, refused ratification on the grounds that the agreement was confined to Europe and that it was thus useless in a German war against England, because it could not compel the Russians to invade India. This frustrated dream of Prince Buelow would certainly come true now if Russia should be defeated,

and Germany should be in the winning camp. No one could seriously doubt that Germany, even if she were only an equal among the winners, would get the lion's share out of the prostration of Russia. Her geographical position would bring this about automatically. This is so obvious that the question of the régimes then in power in Germany and in Russia becomes unimportant, with the qualification, however, that a change of régime in Russia would be necessary to satisfy the crusaders. This is the only point on which we can agree with them, not from the viewpoint of what they consider desirable, but from the viewpoint of what we consider possible. For a defeat of Russia could only be expressed through the abolition of its present régime. No other defeat is conceivable. Certainly not one in the field, even if they had no dilapidated tank units, no inefficient artillery, and no snail-paced airplanes at all.

Tempting Germany to War

The question is also academic because nothing could stop Germany from forcing upon Russia a régime which would suit Berlin. Heaven knows one need not be partial to Stalin to deny this prospect if Hitler is in Berlin. But also without him it cannot be called desirable for the political reasons we have set out. And if a world at peace, and with a smoothly working international machinery, could not deal peacefully and effectively with a Stalinist Russia, we may as well fold our hands and wait for the deluge.

This point has definitely a moral side to it. The German people is longing for peace as wholeheartedly as any other people. But it has proved time and again that it easily submits to adventurous leaders, not because it is politically adventurous-minded, but because it is not political-minded at all. Bismarck remains still the only German who ever understood foreign politics, and the heritage which even he left was unstable. It would be leading the German people into an unjust temptation if one laid the means of world domination at their very doorstep in the shape of a prostrate Russia, and nobody could sincerely blame them if they seized the chance.

This is the reality of the holy crusade against Russia.

The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

the misfortune to borrow one who did not know that the Canadian Army was a bilingual army, or else that a Canadian censor has followed literally the instructions issued to the British censors. If Mr. Heroux were not chiefly concerned to discredit Canada's military effort in every possible way in the eyes of French Canadians, he would have taken the natural course of writing calmly and unexcitedly about this matter in his paper, or even privately in a letter to the Commander of the Canadian Forces, or to the Canadian Minister of Defence. Instead of that he has written a most violent and rhetorical article in the most conspicuous position on his front page, from which we extract the following sentences:

"No matter how idiotic, how detestable the proposition, we need not nevertheless be astonished that it has germinated in the brain of some fanatical imbecile."

"We have endured so many things, we have so often allowed ourselves to be treated as inferiors, as citizens of secondary rank, we have so often permitted our language—one of the two official languages of the country—to be regarded as a poor relation, that we need not be in the least surprised if some particularly narrow-minded or fanatical personage, to whom the use of the French language causes annoyance, and might even cause the risk of losing his position, conceived the idea of putting in practice in this supremely delicate domain these detestable methods."

Mr. Heroux is fair enough to recognize that such an error could not have been committed by anybody but a subordinate. "We shall not insult any personage of high authority by the suggestion that he could be responsible for such a dirty piece of work." This touching expression of confidence will no doubt be duly appreciated by the high command, but it would have been far more effective if the tone of the whole article had not been such as to convey the suggestion that nothing but the most violent expressions of indignation by the entire French Canadian population of Canada would suffice to get the blunder corrected.

We doubt whether in the entire history of Canada a few lines written in pencil by a totally unknown person have ever been the cause of so much excitement.



Mad Hatter's Garden

BY A. M. MOWAT

AFTER her long dangerous swim across the pond, Alice was glad to see a gate marked "Liberty Garden—no refugees wanted."

"You can't come in here," said the Mad Hatter; "the gate's locked—swim off."

"But I've a golden key," cried Alice, "and I was told that—"

"Oh! you've a golden key, have you?" said the Mad Hatter. "Why on earth didn't you say so in the first place. Hand it over and come in." And the Mad Hatter banged the gate shut behind her and threw the key in the mint.

"It's too bad you came when you did," the Mad Hatter went on querulously. "The garden's not looking at its best. It's all the fault of the head gardener. You should have come here in 1929, when the boom was blooming;—you'd have been surprised, everyone was. Still our American Beauties and Glamour Girls aren't too bad; you'll find them over there among the Bachelor Buttons and the American Play Boys. They're rather gorgeous, aren't they?"

Alice couldn't help thinking that they'd rather run to seed, but she only said that the Play Boys looked as if they were dying for a drink.

"They always are," snapped the Mad Hatter crossly, "and the Pansies are nearly as bad. Still," he added tolerantly, "they have their uses. If they weren't so decorative, people might notice the condition of the

WANDERLUST

WITH pink tongue wagging from east to west,
His pen held firm with unyielding will,
Head bent forward in painful quest
Of letters elusive, beyond his skill.

Embarking on waters of dazzling blue
To sail as pirates with Morgan bold.
A trust he has, again to view,
The triumph of Caesar and Rome of old.

O wondering boy with the wistful eyes,
And the rainbow dreams that we hope to guard!
A pot of gold before you lies—
Signing your first small library card.

Mount Forest, Ont. JEAN McLELLAN.

commoner flowers, especially the Forget-me-nots and Black Skinned Susans."

"Don't you want them to be noticed?" asked Alice. "I don't even want to notice them myself," said the Mad Hatter. "Any flower that's undernourished and miserable I prefer to ignore. If I had my way I'd just let them die. As a matter of fact," he went on confidentially, "I'm trying a little experiment with 16,000 Forget-me-nots on my own Cleve land where the head gardener hasn't the right to interfere with me."

"HOW will you know if your experiment is a success?" asked Alice.

"It'll be a success," said the Mad Hatter, "if the Forget-me-nots fade and die quietly without too many of the other common flowers noticing it. If that happens," he added jubilantly, "they may elect me head gardener."

"Do you think you'll make a good head gardener?" said Alice.

"I don't think it," said the Mad Hatter. "I know it, and what's more most of the Big Plants agree with me. You see, Miss Alice, there's only one way to run this garden properly, and that is to be extremely economical with our precious fertilizer."

"Haven't you got as much fertilizer as you want?" asked Alice.

"Of course we have," replied the Mad Hatter, "we've got more than we want—much more. It worries me terribly that we have so much."

"Then, why not use it on the common flowers?" cried Alice. "Goodness knows, most of them look as if they needed it."

"You're no better than the head gardener," snorted the Mad Hatter indignantly. "That's what he's always trying to do."

"But if you have such heaps of it," began Alice. "My dear child," broke in the Mad Hatter, "even if you are a mere European you ought to know that the only proper thing to do with fertilizer is to confine its use to fertilizing the Big Plants, especially Banker's Delight. They absorb the stuff and hand on what they don't require to others. In time even the Black Skinned Susans feel the benefit."

"They don't look as if they'd felt much benefit yet," muttered Alice.

"Of course they don't," said the Mad Hatter. "The Big Plants aren't absorbing any more. Between you

THE BONFIRE

THE sudden flame roars ravening through the heap
Of brittle leaves and grasses. In the light
Are children's faces, strange against the night—
Strange with the smoke of dreams from some half-sleep
In nights they knew not when: a flickering cave,
With peril, baffled, pacing all abroad—
The fierce embraces of a glowing god—
The birch boughs blazing on Midsummer Eve

Dimly, we dream (while, with an old mistrust,
The house-cat glares and circles); till the flame
Has vanished, as mysterious as it came,
And dreams and embers dwindle into dust

The children stumble through the night to bed;
And darkness takes the cat's contemptuous tread.

J. M. DUNSMORE.

and me, my dear, they haven't done a decent absorption job for ten years at least."

"When do you expect they will?" asked Alice.

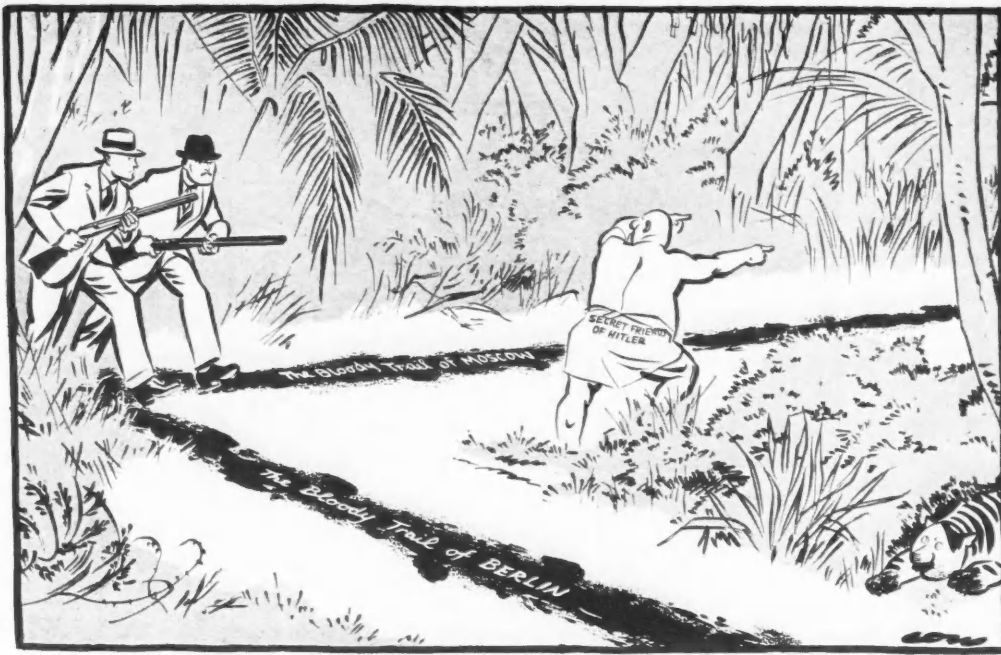
"How can I tell?" said the Mad Hatter irritably. "It may be this year, next year, some time—never. Of course," he went on, looking more cheerful, "if we had a really disastrous storm the Big Plants would absorb right away. It's simply amazing the way a great hurricane or a world Tornado stimulates a Big Plant."

"I SEE," said Alice slowly. "So if the flowers choose you to be their head gardener you're not going to put any fertilizer on the common varieties, especially the Forget-me-nots and the Black Skinned Susans—is that correct?"

"That's right," said the Mad Hatter anxiously, "but I trust you won't repeat what I've said to the common flowers, at least not until the election is over."

"Oh, dear!" cried Alice, "I wish you didn't think yourself so smart. We tried your silly method in our European Gardens and it hasn't improved things at all."

"I can't believe that," said the Mad Hatter. "Your head gardeners couldn't have been economical enough." "Oh! but they were," cried Alice. "Of course we haven't any Black Skinned Susans but we have Forget-



TRYING TO SWITCH THE HUNT

me-nots and we starved them even more than you have yours—much more."

"And are you going to stand there and tell me that the wretched things refused to die quietly?" asked the Mad Hatter looking very disgusted.

"That's true," said Alice. "They refused to die. The strangest things happened. First, all sorts of queer plants sprang up among them, things like your gas plants and Jack-in-the-Soap-boxes, and queer Ham-and-Egg-plants, and then almost overnight the Forget-me-nots turned themselves into Pinks and Red Flags and Shirts, and finally a horrible poison ivy with red and brown leaves got into the gardens and ruined even the Big Plants. And that," concluded Alice looking very solemn,

"is what will happen here if you don't use your fertilizer more sensibly."

"Rubbish!" cried the Mad Hatter. "It couldn't happen here. This is an American Garden. Besides," he added looking very sly, "if things got as bad as all that, I'd use my weed exterminator," and he lovingly patted a little gadget that looked like a machine gun. "No, no, Miss Alice, you're all wrong, when I'm head gardener I'll be a wonderful head gardener."

"No, you won't," said Alice.

"How do you know I won't?" asked the Mad Hatter.

"I can tell by looking at your Cosmos," said Alice.

"There's too much ego in it."

"Bah!" said the Mad Hatter.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Totalitarianism is Dying

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE year which is now opening is likely to be memorable in the history of the world's peoples because of the disappearance of an idea which has cost them untold agony for the better part of a generation, practically since the end of the last Great War,—the idea of the Totalitarian State. I do not think that the idea of the Totalitarian State can survive the defeat of Germany and the ignominious failure of Russia to carry on successfully even a third-rate war. There remains Italy, but Italy was never a Totalitarian State in the true sense of the word. It violates the essential requirements of the Totalitarian State in half-a-dozen flagrant respects. It has never broken with religion, and possesses a religious hierarchy enjoying an immense amount of power. It has never got rid of its royal family, and the King unquestionably exercises a very decisive influence in matters of major policy. It still possesses an aristocracy, which takes an important part in the business of government, and has infiltrated itself into the structure of the ruling Party to such a degree that the New Men who have risen from the proletariat have nothing like the monopoly of power which they possess in Russia and in Germany, and will probably be elbowed out by the aristocrats as the revolutionary stage of the régime recedes further and further into the historical background. This is not to suggest that Italy is a democracy, for it is far from it; but its government is not a mere bureaucracy maintained in power by the terror of a party machine.

The Totalitarian State will never be able to survive the test of failure in war, for success in war is for the Nazis the only justification that they can give for their existence, and for the Russian Communists the only way of proving that their kind of Totalitarian State produces more efficient and contented citizens than any other kind of government. It may not have been necessary for the Russians, as it obviously was for the Nazis, to go on continuously expanding their rule by force of arms, or by the threat of conquest; but it was certainly necessary that they should be able to show a population sufficiently devoted to their form of government, and sufficiently efficient in the defence of it, to be able at least to overcome the resistance of a small and unsupported neighboring nation. The revelation that while the Germans cannot defeat the British Empire and France, the Russians cannot even defeat Finland, is sufficient to show that the theory upon which both régimes are based is one which will not stand the ultimate acid test of conflict. If the Russians had succeeded in conquering Finland, that would scarcely, in view of the disparity of population and economic strength, have been a conclusive proof that the system of government of Finland was inferior to that of Russia. But for the Russians to fail to conquer Finland, in spite of that same disparity, is a pretty convincing proof that the system of government of Russia is decidedly inferior to that of Finland.

A Pitiable Germany

The condition of Germany at the end of this war, even if it is not a long war, and even if there are no revengeful elements in the peace, will be little short of pitiable. The only thing that might to a considerable extent restrain our pity is the fact that the German people have brought it upon themselves, by their extraordinary readiness to submit to any kind of tyrannical behavior by any section of their population which can obtain control of the machinery of government, and the further fact that their own sufferings will at least be less than those which they will have managed to inflict upon the unfortunate non-German races, in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and elsewhere, which they will have had under their power during the period of the conflict. If the German people are starved into malnutrition, as they almost undoubtedly will be, the Poles will be starved much nearer to death. If the German people are over-worked into a state of neurosis and physical debility, the Czechoslovaks will be worked much harder, and shot much more readily if they refuse to comply.

But it is not merely the effects of the period of war strain which will be causing the reduction of Germany to a much lower level of civilization after the close of this war; it is far more the effects of years of indoctrination with Nazi ideas and applica-

tion of Nazi policies. In its six years of power in Germany, the Nazi régime has destroyed almost every element in the German national structure which fitted it to take a high rank among the civilized nations of the world. In the first place, it has seriously impaired even the physical character of the German people. In the effort to divert the maximum possible percentage of the nation's effort to the production of military supplies, the régime has heavily reduced the production of all varieties of animal fats and cereals upon its own land, while it has been unable to adequately compensate for this loss by imports because of its lack of purchasing power derived from its own exports. That astonishing volume, "From Nazi Sources," by Dr. Fritz Sternberg (Longmans Green, \$2), points out that the meat ration in 1939 was less than one half the average consumption in 1913, the flour ration was about four-fifths, and the fat ration was about two-thirds and of greatly reduced quality. And this is not a war-time condition; Germany has been preferring guns to butter for five years, and the effect upon the physique and nervous constitution of the German people has been noted by many observers.

Education Abolished

But far more important than this, the Nazi régime has destroyed education in Germany in any true sense of that word. Education is impossible without a very considerable range of freedom of thought in the institutions in which it is conducted—freedom of thought it may be within the ambit of a certain philosophy, but never the imprisoning of thought within the parrot repetition of the phrases of a pseudo-philosophy like that of National Socialism. But not only is there very little left of real education in Germany; the access to that education has been carefully barred to everybody with sufficient independence of mind to be able to make any real use of it. Admission to the universities, and to many of the higher vocational and technical colleges, is rigidly confined to members of the Nazi party, that is to persons who are either hypocrites, willing to subscribe to a doctrine which they cannot believe, or are so docile to the teachings of authority that they are willing to accept the whole Nazi doctrine uncritically, merely because it is set before them by the German government as the proper belief for a German. These are not the kind of people who, under what is left of the once great body of German teachers, are likely to develop anything original, to effect any real progress, in the arts, the sciences or humane letters. The paralyzing mental effect of National Socialism will be felt, and felt very deeply, in Germany for generations to come.

And the Nazi régime has destroyed, so far as any system of government can possibly do so, and that is saying a great deal, all that sense of freedom and that love of justice which are essential for the production of a healthy citizen in a healthy social structure. No great nation in the history of the world has ever maintained its greatness while its national progress was held together by no other force than that of terror.

The rapidity with which the moral recovery of Germany can be effected after the destruction of the National Socialist régime will depend upon the extent to which independent thinking has survived in the minds of people who have been compelled to keep their thoughts to themselves, and in those of the very few and exceptionally privileged people who because of their rank or their social position have been permitted to go on thinking out loud because the régime did not dare to suppress them. Of the latter class, the vast majority are to be found in the high command of the Army, and even these of late have had to bow the knee. What the serious Army men think about the moral effects of the Nazi régime may be read in the volume by Karl Pintschovius, entitled "Mental Resistance in Modern War," quoted by Dr. Sternberg. The author was an active German officer during the World War, and is perfectly frank in stating that a terroristic régime is fatal for the purposes of modern warfare. The totalitarian war, he wrote before the present conflict began, "is more likely to be our curse than our salvation." The moral stamina of the citizens, he held, has been undermined by the current ethical teachings and governmental practices.

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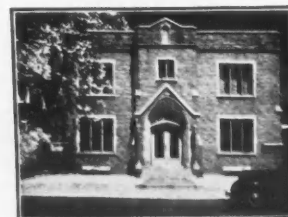
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THE HITLER WAR

Germany and Russia in 1940

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THERE is something in the air at New Year's that urges one on to prediction. Fortunately any thought which I might have had of attempting to anticipate the events of 1940 has been checked by running into Douglas Reed's forecast for 1939. Sensationally successful in foretelling in "Insanity Fair" the disasters of 1938, Reed guessed almost everything wrong for 1939. Hungary was next on Germany's list. Poland would hand over the Corridor and her Eastern provinces without fighting, both to Germany, who would proceed energetically with her project for setting up a Ukrainian Manchukuo. Victory for General Franco would mean German and Italian air bases at France's back. Britain and France would continue to decline towards a second-rate international position and a sort of domestic fascism.

Douglas Reed's error sprang partly from his confirmed pessimism; he didn't believe people in Britain and France would rally in defence of freedom and civilization as they did. But for the rest, in a world dominated by the Rome-Berlin Axis and the German-Italian-Japanese Aggressors' International, with the Polish Government an accomplice of Hitler in dismembering Czechoslovakia, Russia shoved right out of Europe, and our side still in full retreat, he only expressed the bitter beliefs of a great many people. One has to ponder that forecast of his a bit to realize the vastly more hopeful outlook which faces us today. The "Frightened Thirties" are behind us. The world—or at least our world—has at last shaken off the moral crisis resulting from the last war, the mad, thoughtless "bust" of the twenties and the "hangover" of despondency and defeatism of the thirties. The democracies, whose responsibility for the international chaos lay mostly in acts of omission, have sobered up and taken a fresh, positive grip on life and liberty. One of the nations tempt-

ed to a career of crime by the slackness of the law, Italy, has been frightened and reformed. Germany is travelling the same path, and when she has been cured there will once again be a civilized community called the Western World. Russia and Japan, who never properly belonged to that community, represent separate problems which will take longer to settle. But once our civil war is healed and the Bolshevik bogey is laid they will have largely lost their power to harm us.

To An Orderly World

The best proof of the belief of our people in the possibility of an orderly world and the value of freedom is their willingness to face the terrors of 1940 to achieve them. Though the year may be as severe a trial as 1918, its end ought to see us rid of Hitler. Stalin's fate is more enigmatic. Can he win this Finnish War just by throwing in fresh man-power until the Finns drop through sheer exhaustion and collapse under the weight of numbers? It doesn't look as though he could win it this winter, in the snow, at least, and his chances would seem equally bad next spring in the mud. Brusiloff, in planning his great offensive for the earliest possible date in 1916, could not set it before the beginning of June, and that was 700 miles further south. This would postpone Stalin's victory until July or August. Meantime there is a prospect of Finland being greatly strengthened by an inflow of equipment and volunteers from a sympathetic world.

Can the Soviet system stand the strain of such a long and costly campaign? It is not a delicate system, and it stood the frightful strain of the first 5-Year Plan and the terrible famine of 1933 which capped it. But there is a breaking point. For several years now the Russian population has been reduced through the paralysis

of farm and factory production, caused by lack of individual initiative and the destruction of the best brains, to a bare minimum existence. The war will encroach further on this, stealing food from their mouths and diverting production and transport from the supplying of their other needs. It took twelve years of fermentation and the beginning of another war for the sacrifices of 1904-5 to bring about the breakdown of 1917. Perhaps the Russian *moujiks* will set a 12-year term, too, to the sacrifices inaugurated with the industrialization program and the drive for farm collectivization begun in 1928. If Stalin pushes the war on a greater and greater scale, the Russian masses will have rifles in their hands again in 1940, as they did in 1917. Perhaps the feel of the weapons will re-awaken the old craving for land of his own which was always the ruling passion of the Russian peasant, and fan the long-smouldering resentment against the grain collectors into a flame which will consume the Stalin régime. Stalin has indicated by his own purges something of the disaffection which already exists in the countryside, and rumors are not lacking from the fighting front of disobedience and revolt among the ill-clad, under-fed troops. There can be no suggestion of loyalty to Stalin's system, which has made terror its only bulwark.

And if Stalin throws his crack G.P.U. troops into the fighting in the hope of securing a quick victory, he may lose even his Praetorian Guard.

If Stalin Collapses

If Stalin's régime were to collapse, Germany would be presented with much the same opportunity as in 1918, and would probably set about exploiting it in much the same way, imposing a second Brest-Litovsk without any by-your-leave and postponing her offensive in the West while furiously developing the resources of the East. But supposing Stalin, sensing disaster, simply called off the whole Finnish War, as he threw the farm collectivization drive into reverse when it was heading for ruin in 1932 and restored to the peasants their small plots and a few beasts of their own. Then what? Probably he could hold on for a while longer—Germany permitting. For Germany would be in a position to exert the same sort of pressure which she applied in 1905 to a Tsarist régime weakened by the Japanese War. At that time the Reich extorted economic concessions which the great Russian statesman Witte later characterized "the worst war indemnity in history." It is almost certain that Germany would follow the same course again—if only because her present



SYMBOLS OF LIBERATION FOR THE OPPRESSED MASSES

rulers merely ape the past in everything they do. She might be willing to maintain Stalin in power, if he showed what Germans would call an "understanding" of his new position, and dress up the arrangement, with its forced deliveries of raw materials, admission of German technicians to speed their production and transport and possibly of instructors for the Red Army and Gestapo agents to work with the G.P.U. as an "Axis," to provide the necessary face-saving.

But the record of Russo-German relations, marked by intermittent enmities and reconciliations, based purely on the power relation and filled with mutual distrust and deceit, does not predicate the establishment of really close, friendly collaboration between the two countries. Without going back to Bismarck's secret treaty of 1887, by which he "re-insured" himself against his Austrian ally, there is the trade treaty of 1905, which as we said was pure extortion. In that same year the Kaiser negotiated with the Tsar the Secret Treaty of Bjarke, amazingly similar to the Hitler-Stalin agreement of August 1939, but which Witte prevented from coming into force (Russia being at that time allied to France). In 1917, at Brest-Litovsk, Germany revealed her true designs on Russia, which are to strip her of her Western and Ukrainian provinces, break her power and shove her back out of Europe; she took a third of her farm land, 54 per cent. of her industry and 90 per cent. of her coal mines. After the War, at Rapallo, when Germany too was vanquished and found herself out in the cold with Russia, she nego-

tiated with her on equal terms—a unique occasion.

In the new situation which we are envisaging, some elements of Rapallo would be present, both Russia and Germany being branded as world pariahs and filled with resentment against the Western nations. Yet the power relation between them would more nearly resemble that of 1905, if not 1917. The scarcely concealed pleasure which Germans in Moscow are showing over Red Army reverses and their growing assertiveness of manner, which Gedye reports in the *New York Times*, would seem to indicate that they are anticipating applying the treatment of 1905 or 1917.

Thus the collapse of the Soviet régime, so ardently hoped for by most of our people, might at first work out to Germany's advantage. But Germany would not have the time to consolidate her gains or exploit her opportunity. Just as this may be 1918 over again for Russia, so it will be for Germany too. She may want to postpone attacking in the West and concentrate on exploiting the East. But she can't win the war in the Ukraine, and to shake off the Anglo-French grip she will be forced just as in 1918 to gamble everything on another great "Ludendorff" offensive in the West, or surrender ignominiously without fighting it out, as she did to Napoleon after Jena.

It is impossible to predict in detail the events of 1940. What happens in the West will depend at least in part on what happens in the East. All one can say is that the current has set heavily against the twin totalitarian tyrannies. Fascism followed Bolshevism in; it will follow it out.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

"Witness Against War"

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WILL you permit a lay member of the Christian Church to take up with the Rev. R. Edis Fairbairn two points which arise out of his reiterated adherence to the "Witness Against War" as expressed in his letter in your issue of Dec. 23?

The first is one of consistency. The Rev. Mr. Fairbairn was one of a group

of nine Canadians who published, in 1936, a book called "Towards the Christian Revolution." In a chapter advocating revolutionary social changes, Mr. Fairbairn uses the following language: "If, however, churches hang back, irresolute and afraid, they will have no right to condemn more forthright movements which do not hesitate to use bloody violence to blast a way through the resistance of the privileged. For whether peaceably and by consent, or bloodily and through civil war, it is written that there is to be radical change."

This is, in so many words, a defence of "bloody violence" and "civil war," as methods of producing certain political and economic changes which Mr. Fairbairn desires. How can this be held to be consistent with Mr. Fairbairn's objection to the use of force for the preservation of our system of society? I am driven to the conclusion that Mr. Fairbairn believes that the employment of force is right to obtain those objectives in which he believes, but that he proposes to use the authority of the Church to prevent me from using force to defend those institutions in which I believe. I do not think that inconsistency could go further.

The second point is, perhaps, even more serious. Mr. Fairbairn writes and speaks on this question in his capacity as a Minister of the Christian Church. He makes that clear. He is interpreting to us, according to his own statement, not only Mr. Fairbairn's personal views, but the commands of the Church as he understands them. I question his authority to do this. In the book to which I have referred, another author—Eugene Forsey—uses the following language: "This generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall be no sign given it but the sign of the prophet Marx. Until Christians learn to understand and apply the lessons of Marxism they cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven—nor, probably, can any one else."

This is not merely a statement of Mr. Forsey's own belief in Marxian communism, but is an attempt to substitute faith in Marx for faith in the Founder of Christianity as a prerequisite to Christian salvation.

I do not know of any branch or sect of the Christian Church which would fail to condemn this as heresy. It contravenes the simplest definitions of Christian faith.

As a contributor to the symposium in which Mr. Forsey shared, Mr. Fairbairn must be assumed to accept the philosophy expressed by his co-authors. The book was not one written merely as a collection of personal views, but, by its title, and by the fact of its general endorsement by the Rt. Rev. Richard Roberts, was obviously intended to be the exposition of a common philosophy. Indeed the preface, by the Rev. R. B. Y. Scott and Mr. Gregory Vlastos, commences with the phrase "This book expresses a common conviction in the face of a common problem." In face of that statement Mr. Fairbairn cannot escape responsibility for Mr. Forsey's statement. In the circumstances I must regretfully say that I do not believe that Mr. Fairbairn has the right to speak for any group, branch or sect of the Christian Church, and I believe that this should be made perfectly clear to those to whom he appeals to support his right to expound Christian doctrine on the subject of the war, or on any other subject.

In short, without attempting to question Mr. Fairbairn's right to express the opinions which he does concerning participation in war, I feel that I have the right to question his authority to do so in the name of Christianity.

Montreal, December 26.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

"O-K" Apples Are O.K., But Who'll Buy?

BY P. W. LUCE

APPLE growers in the Okanagan district are having a hard time disposing of the big crop this season. It isn't that there's anything wrong with the fruit in shape, size, color, or flavor, for the many championships won against world competition show there's nothing to beat it, but excellence isn't enough these days. The big difficulty is to get the apple to the consumer.

The Okanagan Valley produces about 5,575,000 boxes of "O-K" apples annually, with MacIntoshes, Wealthies, Jonathans, Winter Bananas, Games, and Snows making up the bulk of the crop. This quantity is far too great for the present needs of Ontario and the western provinces, the logical market for B.C. fruit, and so about one half has to be exported, chiefly to Great Britain. That works well enough in normal times, but this year pressure on shipping space has led United Kingdom authorities to limit importations to fifty per cent of the average for 1938 and 1937, a decision which has been a hard blow.

The quota for B.C. apples works out at 1,197,000 boxes, but sales far exceeding this figure had been made before the government regulations were issued, and there is a chance that delivery of these will be permitted. As a matter of fact shipments completed or in transit now total well over 1,600,000 boxes, nearly one-third in excess of the quota, and these can hardly be brought back to point of origin. If all advance sales can be honored there would be only 75,000 boxes of exportable sizes left in the Okanagan, but this is too much to hope for.

More than two-thirds of the B.C. apples are shipped from Atlantic ports.

the remainder going out from Vancouver.

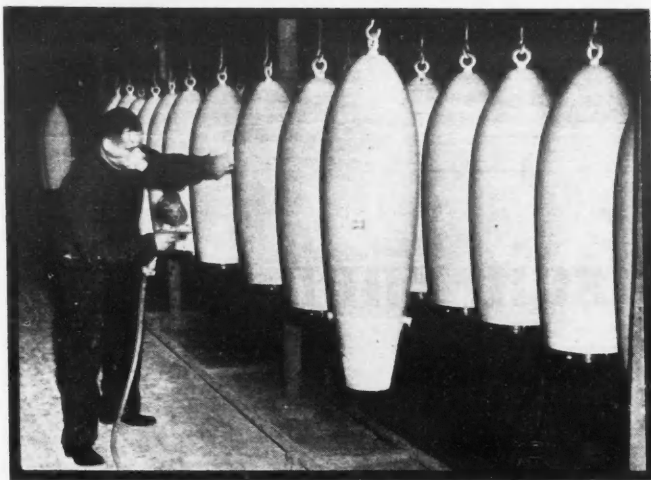
Up to the middle of November the export business totalled 1,150,107 boxes, divided as follows: Great Britain, 1,015,797; South Africa, 40,376; Egypt, 3,024; Scandinavia, 74,952; United States, 1,500; United States, 2,998; other countries, 11,460. The total domestic shipments amounted to 1,112,017 boxes, which, with 30,387 boxes sent to the canneries, brought the grand total distributed to 2,292,511. That leaves a little over three and a quarter million boxes for which consumers must be found, or, say, 3,412,500 apples, counting 140 to the box.

The fruit growers have been making herculean efforts to get rid of this surplus, and with considerable success. The sum of \$40,000 has been appropriated for advertising and publicity drives which tie in with the Dominion Department of Agriculture campaign to popularize Canadian apples, but in addition to using the same media of newspapers, radio, billboards, movie screens, pamphlets, and circulars, the B.C. Fruit Growers' Association has sent out Apple Ambassadors to address service clubs and other organizations at strategic centres, and has established contact with potential large buyers who have been subjected to high-class salesmanship, with gratifying results. Many of the big department and chain stores have been induced to co-operate in large-scale displays, to their ultimate profit, be it added.

Goodwill Caravan

The most impressive effort, however, has been the Goodwill Apple Caravan which has toured the four western provinces under the able directorship of Mr. C. A. Hayden, editor of "Country Life in B.C.," and secretary of the B.C. Fruit Growers' Association, who had as supporters four charming ladies who gave daily demonstrations of fruit packing in stores, public halls, schools, and theatres in all the larger towns and cities as far east as Winnipeg. This quartette was composed of Alma and Rilla Parent, of Penticton, Dorothea Greenwood, of Vernon, and Mrs. Isabel Stillingfleet, who is the world's fastest apple packer, having carried off championship honors in England last year.

The Goodwill Tourists followed much the same procedure at all points. Heralded by adequate publicity and well fortified with advance local knowledge, they posed for photographs (flanked by apples) with premier or mayor or reeve, gave interviews (and apples) to reporters, were guests at some imposing luncheon (apples included) where Mr. Hayden made his persuasive speech stressing the virtue of Okanagan apples, staged an apple-packing demonstration in the largest local store or at the theatre as an added attraction (with apples for the boys and girls), and, whenever possible, were interviewed over the radio while munching apples. It is estimated that over ten thousand persons watched, with incredulous and fascinated eyes, the flying fingers of the four packers as they filled



NO LACK OF AMMUNITION. Shell production in England has now reached a stage to assure satisfaction of all the needs of the armed services. Here an official picture shows huge shells receiving the final touches before shipment.

box after box with flaming Jonathans or rosy red MacIntoshes. In many places the boxes were bought as fast as they could be packed.

About two hundred carloads a week are now being shipped to Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, all these being Extra Fancy or Fancy. The Federal government ordered 120 carloads of a smaller size for distribution to prairie residents on relief, and these were all distributed before Christmas.

Labor has made great strides in the past half century. When the working men of Vancouver organized their Trades and Labor Council in 1889 there were only a score of delegates present, representing, all told, six unions. They met in a barely furnished room over a hardware store. Most of them wore overalls.

At the Jubilee banquet of the Vancouver, New Westminster and District Trades and Labor Council, held in the majestic ballroom of the Hotel Vancouver, there were over 700 guests. A goodly number wore evening dress as to the manner born. They represented 15,000 members of 81 unions with a buying power of \$30,000,000 a year, based on the wages they now receive.

Of the twenty men who crowded into that back room fifty years ago only one now remains in active service. He is George Bartley, whose girth is Falstaffian and whose laughter is Homeric. At 73 he is still in regular employment as a printer, and he sat at the head table as guest of honor. The first secretary of the Trades and Labor Council, he naturally had to reminisce. He recalled that the chief objectives were the

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CANADIAN ELEGY

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Said Voter A to Voter B.
"If they were back in Ottawa
We'd all bask in prosperity."

And so they mourned for good Sir John
And sighed for Wilfrid Laurier.
And put their hands of mourning on
And crept upon their doleful way.

The grandfather of one who spoke
Was wont to call John A. a soak.
The other's sire would boil and fume
At sight of Laurier's White Plume.
D. R. SILLERY.

who had a few kind words to say for sound labor organizations which guided members in the path of stability and public responsibility.

The twenty painters, carpenters, printers, plasterers, blacksmiths, and plumbers who fathered the Trades and Labor Council in 1889 could hardly have foreseen the day when a Lieutenant-Governor would break bread with their successors, or a six-hour day become the chief objective of the organization.

Winging a Plane

Major Allan Brooks, who is one of Canada's most famous ornithologists, has re-opened a controversy that has been going on for years and years: should crows and magpies be killed off so as to preserve game birds. The major says yes, most emphatically. He contends that pheasants thrive in the Okanagan because sportsmen there are rough on crows, and he doesn't think the extermination of the black scoundrel will encourage grasshoppers to come back in hordes. A lot of farmers will gladly give him an argument on that premise.

And, speaking of shooting birds: Two Richmond hunters aimed at a mallard the other day and hit a Canadian Airways Seaplane inward bound from Victoria, flying just above the duck.

They got the duck, too, but the police got their names, their guns, their hunting licenses, and their solemn word of honor that they never saw the plane.



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T O R O N T O

LONDON LETTER

There Were No Strangers Present

BY P.O'D.

ON WEDNESDAY next (December 13) we are to have a secret session of Parliament—the first of the present war. During the last war there were five, some of them extending over two days. But this is to be merely a one-day affair, and the discussion is to be limited to questions of supply.

"Secret session" sounds very mysterious and important, and there is, of course, a good deal of speculation about it. But one may well doubt that anything very secret or important will be divulged. There are more than six hundred Members of Parliament—not to speak of the peers who have a right to attend in their own special gallery—so it is not at all likely that the Government will run the risk of really serious leakages. Someone always talks.

Probably the chief purpose and usefulness of secret sessions is to enable Members to let off steam that otherwise would have to be kept

bottled up—to their spiritual and perhaps even physical discomfort. There is a strong and well-founded English belief in the advisability of letting people get things off the chest. Besides, it is likely that a good many Members have valuable criticism and suggestions to offer which might be kept back, or very much watered down, by the fear of appearing in the public prints as making difficulties for the Government.

Once upon a time any Member could have a secret session any time he pleased. All he had to do was to get up and say, "I spy strangers," and the galleries had to be cleared. But about sixty years ago a mischievous Irish Nationalist, in the midst of a very important and formal debate, uttered the traditional warning, and an extremely distinguished company, which included the Prince of Wales and most of the foreign ambassadors, had to be shooed out.

That was too easy and tempting, so the law was promptly amended.



WILL THE MULE BE BACK? Memories of the war of 1914-1918 are brought back by this picture of an animal transport company of the Army Service Corps in England. Even with the complete mechanization of the modern army the authorities have not overlooked the possibilities of the steady mule if the going should be particularly difficult.

Now, in addition to the warning, a resolution must be moved and carried. They have even changed the time-honored formula. Instead of the dramatic "I spy strangers," Mr. Chamberlain will on Wednesday, we are told, say to the Speaker, "I wish, sir, to call your attention to the fact

that there are strangers present." Clearer and more sensible, perhaps, but how drab and flat compared to the ancient notice! Thus does Westminster lose its color little by little. One of these days, I suppose, they will put the Beefeaters into blue serge suits.

Clothing the Army

Talking of clothes, I was reading recently a statement by Lord Woolton, the Director-General of Equipment and Stores, which gives some idea of the magnitude of the task of clothing the Army. If there is anything in names, Lord Woolton certainly ought to be the right man for the job. You can't imagine a man with a name like that supplying anything but the real stuff, right off the sheep's back.

Statistics are dull things—I must confess to a feeling of depression at the mere sight of them—but there is no other way of giving you a notion of what is being accomplished. When Lord Woolton took over, there were nine firms making woolen khaki cloth. Now there are over 1,000, and last month they turned out 1,125,000 yards—as compared to an annual peace-time requirement of about 300,000 yards! It makes you wonder where all the wool comes from.

In normal times the Army requires about 50,000 overcoats a year. Last month they turned out 350,000. Every week about 200,000 blankets come from Yorkshire for the troops. And the monthly output of what is known as "battle dress" cloth is over 2,000,000 yards. This is the lighter stuff they make the uniforms out of—about 500,000 a month!

As for the smaller requirements—the "oddments," I believe they are called—these reach the sort of figures scientists use in computing the distances of stars. Buttons, for instance—360,000,000 since June! No wonder the poor soldiers have to spend a lot of time cleaning the blinking things.

About the only thing the Department is low on is gloves, woollen gloves. It seems that they simply can't get enough of them. So Lord Woolton addresses an appeal to the knitters of the country to leave socks alone for a while and devote themselves to gloves. I suppose it is all right. Heaven forbid I should dogmatize about knitting! But judging by some of the socks I have seen—and gloves, I imagine, are much, much more difficult. War is certainly war.

Pity the Small Builder

In times of peace the building industry is not one that readily evokes the sympathetic tear—or cheer, as the case may be. For a good many years now the builders have had things pretty much their own way. And how the boys have taken advantage of it—employers and employees alike! Rings and associations higher up, and lower down the toughest and best-organized unions in the country—all sorts of skulduggery and profiteering, designed to stand the wretched customer on his head and shake him until everything in his pockets falls out.

This is not the sort of thing that tends to soften the public heart or allay the public suspicion. But just at present it is impossible not to feel some sympathy—for the small builder, at any rate. He is having a really hard time of it. In fact, if something is not done about it, the small builder will soon be frozen out of existence. And that would be too bad, for, with all his faults, he is a useful fellow in any community.

You might imagine that with all these big Government contracts going, and so much emergency work of one kind and another to be done, the builders would be having the busiest time of their lives. So they are—some of them. But not the little fellow. He is too small to undertake the Government jobs, and there are no others. Nobody who can possibly help it is building anything at all.

Representatives of the smaller building firms are even now trying

to get the Government to help them out of the swamp in which they find themselves mired, while the stream of big orders goes rushing by beyond their reach. One way would be for the Government to split up its contracts into smaller takes. Another way would be for the smaller builders to get together in organizations that could handle the big jobs. Still another would be for the Government to insist on the larger contractors sub-letting some of the work. But you know how easy it is to get those fellows to divvy up—a little like getting a hungry lion to pass on a share of his kill.

Probably each or all of these solutions will be applied, according to circumstances. Something will obviously have to be done. Otherwise a lot of firms will go bust, and a whole multitude of skilled workmen be left without employment. That would be a general misfortune—now and when peace comes, as I suppose it must some day. Not even this sort of war goes on forever.

"Macon and Eggs"

If in the course of these letters I should have occasion to speak of "macon and eggs" or a slice of "mam", I trust that the reader will not regard it as a typographical error. It will not be the fault of the printer, the proof-reader, or me. It will be just what it says—the new British "ersatz", smoked and cured mutton, intended to look and taste like bacon and ham. Only, of course, it doesn't.

The Scotch, who have inflicted on the world both porridge and haggis, are responsible for this new attack on our appetites. Up in the Highlands, where pigs are scarce, sheep are plentiful. So the canny Highlander has for generations been in the habit of making his mutton do both as sheep and as pig—or as nearly as he can manage it. The name "macon" is new, but the stuff isn't.

Up to now the rest of the world has shown very little enthusiasm for this peculiarly Scotch delicacy—if "delicacy" be the right word. But you never can tell. We may be made to like it. Remember that for centuries golf was a peculiarly Scotch game, and you know how that has finally conquered us all.

At any rate, "macon" has arrived in the West End. Ever since Mr. Macquisten, the Scottish M.P., took to boosting it in the House of Commons, the meat-packers have been experimenting with it. And the other day one of them gave a luncheon party at the Savoy, at which "macon and mam" was the piece de resistance—and, believe me, "resistance" really is the right word!

Mr. Macquisten was, of course, the guest of honor, and most of the other guests were newspapermen. This is the sort of thing that gives that haunted look to the journalistic eye. He told them all what wonderful stuff it really is, and they did their best to share his enthusiasm and pass it on. But it cannot be said that they were either convinced or convincing. They did agree, however, that it is extremely nourishing. They seemed to feel that a little of it should go quite a long way.

Apparently "macon" is very much an acquired taste. But apparently we are going to have to acquire it. There are a lot more sheep than pigs in the country; and sheep eat native grass, while pigs, the sybarites, insist on being fed on imported grain. So if on our breakfast tables during the months to come we find our eggs—or perhaps our one egg—flanked by slices of dark brown stuff that looks like bad bacon and tastes like salted sheep—well, we shall just shut our eyes, I hope, and take it like little men. We shall be eating our way to victory.

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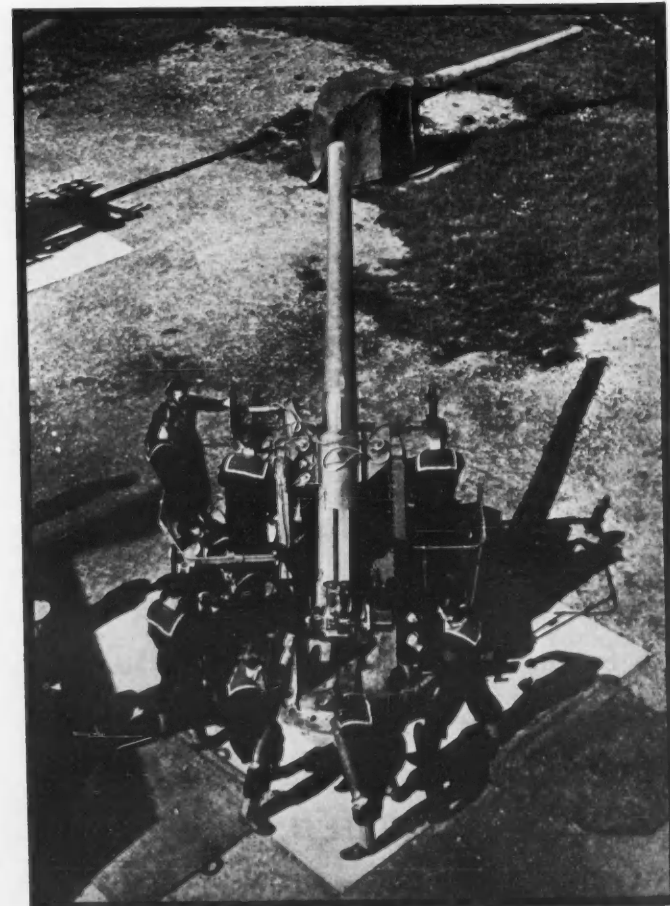
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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 6, 1940

P. M. Richards,
Financial Editor

Financing the "Pay-as-You-Use" Consumer

BY WARREN GALLOWAY

Consumer-debt outstanding in Canada is estimated to aggregate a billion dollars.

Living standards and consumer-debt appear to be co-related. The altered economic order introduced by industrial mass production and the need for mass selling has resulted in the displacement in popular favor of the motto "Pay as you go" with the modern slogan "Pay as you use."

This article will help the reader to understand something of the demand for consumer credit and how it is being met.

ECONOMISTS have been searching a long time for some means by which goods produced within the territorial limits of any one country may be more freely distributed to consumers in that country without imperiling its international credit by inflation of currency.

It is quite conceivable that consumer credit offers a solution, but we have not understood its true value or how to use it wisely.

Our currency is nothing but credit—simply a promise to pay which is generally accepted at its face value in the country of issue and has a definitely known but fluctuating value in other trading countries.

The promise to pay of an honest workman, may be just as valid as the promise to pay of a bank or a government, but it is not negotiable. It is valid only as between the individual parties to the transaction. Since such promises to pay are not negotiable in other countries, they cannot affect the value of the country's currency in foreign markets. They offer an "internal medium of exchange" which makes possible a far wider distribution of the country's goods than would otherwise be possible, without affecting the value of the country's credit in foreign markets.

Close to One Billion

Authoritative information regarding the total outstanding consumer-debt in Canada is not available. An authoritative United States estimate is that it amounts to well over nine billions of dollars in that country. Even if Canadians are a little more conservative than their neighbors, we might be safe in assuming that consumer-debt in Canada will be close to one billion dollars.

Many may say that this amount is fantastic and quite beyond belief, and there are few statistical figures available to authenticate it. Borrowings against insurance policies are known and the Canada Year Book is authority for the statement that there was \$259,578,690 outstanding in this classification at the end of 1937. This, in itself over one-quarter of the above estimated total.

Canadian figures for retail merchants' open accounts and acceptance corporation financing of durable goods on the instalment plan can be estimated from this amount and comparable United States statistics. This is \$542,000,000.

Added to insurance policy loans, the total is already over \$800,000,000. Borrowings from the personal-loan departments of banks, from credit unions, and from personal-finance companies who have made returns to the Dominion government, would indicate that \$30,000,000 outstanding with such agencies would be a conservative estimate.

Advances from relatives, friends or employers, pawnshop loans, borrowings from industrial employees "thrift funds" or other special funds can only be guessed at, but the total might easily reach another \$100,000,000 and this guess is consistent with United States figures.

A Credit Economy

The wisdom of using personal credit for purposes of consumption has been frequently criticized during the course of economic history, but the fact remains that our present system of production and distribution has been built up, during the past twenty-five years, on the principle of "pay as you use," which is really not very different in either words or meaning from the "pay as you go" slogan of the most ardent opponents of consumer credit.

Those who may argue that if consumer credit is responsible for our present system of production and distribution of goods it should be instantly abolished, might profitably give serious thought to a statement of W. H. Moore, K.C., M.P. Mr. Moore's statement, made as Chairman of the standing committee on Banking and Commerce, is found in his report to the House of Commons on the Committee's study of small loan companies. It reads:

"If the legislative action contemplated by this Parliament is to be of substantial benefit to necessitous borrowers—something better than a vain

repetition of the popular declaration against high interest—then it must begin within an understanding of the nature and volume of consumer's debt within our times. And the matter is not to be readily disposed of; for, paradoxical as it may seem, a rise of aggregate individual income has been accompanied by a rise of aggregate individual debt. Significantly enough, the country that has the world's best standard of living—the United States—has also the largest volume of consumer's debt (with an estimated fourteen billion dollars distributed in a single year)."

Mr. Moore's statement emphasizes the apparent co-relation of a large consumer debt and a higher standard of living. It is quite probable that consumer-credit is providing a new vehicle for rapid transport on the road to happy living and the fault is that we have not yet learned how to regulate or control it.

Cash-Credit in Demand

The first constructive step that has been taken in Canada to study this new machine and find out how and why the wheels go round, was the study of the small-loans business recently undertaken by the Dominion Parliament. It was an excellent place to start because it was quite evident that this particular part of the machine was not functioning smoothly.

Evidence proved a wide-spread demand for cash-credit for consumptive purposes as differentiated from credit for goods. Ancient statutes, designed in the days when consumer-credit was not recognized as a factor in our economics, had restricted the legal charge



HEADED FOR WHAT?

for loans to a point where it was not only unprofitable, but extremely costly to give this service and still comply with the spirit of the statutes. Only three companies had faced the problem boldly and had asked for, and received, special dispensation to offer a small-loans service at a price sufficient to attract a reasonable flow of capital into the business.

Until 1936 none of the Canadian banks had made any special effort to serve this field which admittedly was troublesome and unprofitable to them. In that year, however, the Canadian Bank of Commerce decided to organize a special personal loan department. After three and one-half years the bank reports that during this period the department loaned throughout Canada \$27,000,000 to 185,000 customers. The Bank of Montreal has announced that it is also making this type of loan. During the same period, the Household Finance Corporation of Canada, (formerly the Central

Finance Corporation), who have, for the past eleven years, been making small loans under supervision of the Dominion government, loaned more than \$26,000,000 to 156,000 customers in only eleven Ontario cities. Statistics from these two sources are sufficient to indicate the large demand for consumer cash-credit.

\$150,000,000 a Year

Omitting insurance policy loans and the collaterally secured loans which are made as part of the chartered banks' normal service, the estimated demand for consumer cash credit in Canada is \$80,000,000. This estimate is based on comparable United States figures.

This is the estimated demand for capital, not the estimated amount loaned during a year. Since most of these loans are liquidated in twelve monthly payments, the employed

(Continued on Page 9)

THE BUSINESS FRONT

Unemployment Insurance

BY P. M. RICHARDS

DO YOU know, Mr. Reader, that we're probably going to have national unemployment insurance in the near future? Yes, it looks that way; apparently the project so long discussed is going to come through at last. The federal government thinks that this is a particularly good time for it, on the ground that the war will increase employment and purchasing power and thus lighten the strain on unemployment insurance while it is getting established.

Which is reasonable enough, if true, but there may be basis for doubt that it is true, if the employment experience of Britain and Germany is a guide. For those countries have found that war's dislocations are actually increasing unemployment, despite all the absorption of men in their armies.

The point most questionable to business men is whether it's wise to place any avoidable restriction on business and purchasing power and tax-paying power at a time when these things are going to be under considerable strain anyway and when the need for keeping them at the highest possible levels is so urgent. For there is no gainsaying the fact that unemployment insurance would constitute such a restriction.

It has been estimated that the cost of implementing the 1935 Employment and Social Insurance Act (a scheme of very limited coverage, though the best that could be done if the general principles of insurance were to be applied to the hazard of unemployment) would be around \$110,000,000 a year, all of which, one way or another, would be a charge on the country's productive system and leave that much less to be spent elsewhere.

Can we reasonably take on this additional load, in view of our long-continued budgetary deficits and our new huge burden of war financing?

What Could It Do For Us?

And if we do take it on, what can we expect unemployment insurance to do for us?

The answer is, very much less than most people think. The commonly-held idea that unemployment insurance will solve the problem of unemployment and its relief is all wrong. It will do nothing of the kind. It will merely set up a savings scheme under which employees who are normally in steady employment will put aside a small amount each week, which will be matched by the employer and contributed to by the State, to tide them over any short periods of unemployment.

The 1935 Act provided maximum normal benefits of \$6 per week for 13 weeks, plus \$2.70 per week for

each adult dependent and 90 cents for each dependent child, in return for forty contributions of 25 cents per week by the employee over the preceding two years. But the Act covered only a limited number of occupations—those in which employment is relatively stable. It provided protection only for "stable" employees who, during employment, had built up a right to benefit.

Thus unemployment insurance will not give any protection to an insured person after the end of the comparatively short period during which he is entitled to draw his insurance benefit. And, more important, it will not even touch the problem of providing for those who are now unemployed or on relief. It will protect only those who are now at least partially secure by the fact that they have employment. What most people think of as the unemployment problem—the problem of taking care of the large body of unemployed whose condition distresses everyone and the cost of whose maintenance is helping to bankrupt the community—will still remain to be solved.

Excluded Would Pay, Too

Although unemployment insurance would cover only a limited number of occupations, with vast numbers of workers excluded because of the comparative instability of their employment, the cost of the scheme would not only be large but the government's share of that cost would be contributed to, in taxation, by all those workers excluded from participation in the benefits.

The very large section of the working population engaged in agriculture, forestry, fishing, lumbering, air and water transport, domestic service, nursing, teaching, etc., would, under the 1935 Act, have paid (as general taxpayers) their full share of the State contribution, in order to provide benefits to the special classes which owe their inclusion in the scheme to the fact that they are composed of persons who, so far from being in special need, are normally employed.

"Unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away." Two things we can be sure of in respect of unemployment insurance are (1) that once established it can never be abolished, and (2) that however the initial cost is limited, it will surely tend to increase. Those who are beneficiaries will inevitably demand increased benefits, and those who are not beneficiaries will demand that they be brought under the scheme.

What a liability, and what a time to undertake it!



New Year Thoughts on the War—and After

BY ALBERT C. WAKEMAN

A year ago we were visualizing the circumstances of war. Now that we have them, we are trying to picture the conditions of peace. This is a legitimate line of thought.

We probably have lost our idealism regarding economic conditions, just as we have lost it regarding war. But by applying the same kind of cold logic with which we hope to win the war, we may be able to find practical, if not perfect, solutions for the problems of peace.

JUST as it was the custom, a year ago, to visualize the conditions of a new war, so is it now becoming popular to think about the time of peace. And there is more justification in this new thought. We never could be certain of another war with Germany in our time. But we surely are entitled to expect peace—at some time.

A stalemated war between world powers is almost inconceivable. It was bad enough when the English and the Spaniards regarded each other as natural enemies, and also when Napoleon, during his prolonged struggle for world power, alienated everyone whom he could not conquer. Nor is a draw contemplated by the authorities on either side. Each has a definite plan with victory as the objective.

All of which makes it quite in order for us to estimate how we may live when we attain victory, since it is impossible for us to reckon on the terms of failure.

Probably the greatest influence on this line of thought is the sense of disillusion, in fact almost of defeatism, that was bequeathed to us by the last war and its aftermath. Indelibly impressed on the minds of the older generation is the futility of the hope of permanent peace. Even if you could heal all the wounds of the past, you could not forestall the enmities of the future.

Disillusion

And likewise in the economic sphere there has been disappointment with the course of events. The capitalist finds himself scorned and crucified. While the socialist, who must be viewed as the winner if any one can, finds his victory a hollow one.

We have only to recall our thoughts at the time of the last war to realize how we have been disappointed, at least in our subconscious mind. Throughout the whole of that struggle the danger of defeat was so grave, and the sacrifices were so heavy, that all the problems which might follow in the time of peace seemed insignificant. In view of the magnificent effort which we had mustered for the war, how could we fail, once the danger was over, to provide for all the impaired veterans, to restore the property damage, to repay the public debt, and to employ everyone in happiness and prosperity?

The history of the past twenty years reveals all too well that none of the major issues were conclusively dealt with. It is true that in Canada at least we have maintained a system of pensions that is rather complete and liberal, but in individual cases it seemed to fail in equity, and its administration lacked the harmony that we had so fondly hoped for. Restoration of property seemed to be prompt and efficient insofar as the immediate war zone was concerned, but many of the more distant or indirect losses were never replaced. In regard to public debts and employment, the less said the better. And to these problems there have been added new ones almost too numerous to mention.

Cold-Blooded Efficiency

All this explains the lack of enthusiasm concerning the present war. No one has the face to call it a war "to save democracy," nor to save anything else, for that matter, unless it be that very negative and nebulous thing called freedom. The allied governments have been pressed to develop a slogan, but have failed to deliver anything worth while.

Now this does not mean that people are against the war. It means that the whole thing is figured out in cold-blooded efficiency. In place of the recruiting depots, and the bands, and the reviews which colored the last war, we have requests for the enlistment of skilled mechanics, and training schools, and secret sailings. In place of the munificence of Sir Sam Hughes, we even have scientific purchasing. It is a long time since British people were called upon to pay for anything without being given some kind of show for their money.

We are equally cold towards any suggestion of a post-war economic arcadia. We have had our capitalism and our socialism, our Ramsay MacDonalds, our Roosevelts, and our Aberharts, and when placed in the delicate balance of authority they have all

been found wanting in the where-withal of success.

In that strange conglomeration of systems, which Europe is today, you can find anything from capitalism to communism, from parliament to dictator, from monarch to soviet, and still you will not be pleased. You might compound them all, and get a hell's brew composed of the evils and not of the good.

Cynical Thinking

Small wonder, therefore, that our thoughts of the economic future, even on the favorable foundation of victory, tend to be rather cynical. At the best, we reconcile ourselves to the continuation of economic ills. We hope that things will not be impossible.

And just as we seek a calm efficiency in the prosecution of the war, so also do we aspire to practical treatment, even if it amounts to no more than makeshift and compromise, of the problems which must be assigned to us by the new peace.

The bare bones of economic organization tend to be revealed to us in the light of this cold logic, however. The tragedies of the past and the present have taught us that there are certain essentials to economic life that cannot be ignored. Thus we know full well that excessive tariffs are mutually destructive. Labor has to include something more than brute force. Besides efficient production we must have equitable distribution. There must be individual incentives, and consequently varying degrees of reward, which must be permitted to survive taxation. And there must be provision for the constant replenishment of capital, and indeed for its accumulation if we are to progress further.

Tarnished Socialism

While there are millions of people in the world today, who are willing to use the principle of communism for the purpose of undermining existing institutions, there are very few who would be willing to live under it. Millions more favor state socialism, provided it is their party which gains control of the instruments of production and rewards them with high places in the social structure. Others believe in a reformed capitalism, though failing to show how such a hardened criminal may be made amenable to social justice. And probably a few merely want control of the capital, and would be satisfied to swallow the capitalist system itself in order to gain their ends.

This is the kind of material out of which economic life must shape its course when the war is over. We may take it for granted that the freedom of laissez-faire, and with it unrestricted capitalism, will not be restored. The socialist trend is still in the ascendant. But it has lost the vital vitality that was born of economic thought. It has already floundered in too many practical problems. Like the Venus which was pure-born of the sea but which was somewhat tarnished by experience, it is now a mere adventure, ready for liaisons with any political upstart. It is just one of the many principles appealing to the public for support. It meets a fundamental foe in the effort of labor to gain control over production.

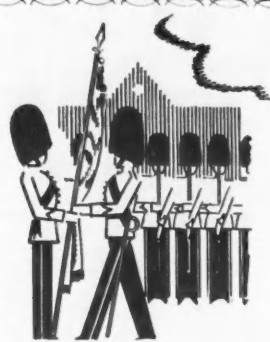
Then there are the money theorists, who will never be denied the privilege of thinking that control of the currency is enough to revolutionize life under any system. Against them there may be a new and ultra-radical school holding that gold should actually be put into circulation! And, since we are mentioning some reversions, we must be about due for another agrarian movement, to tell us again that everything which is good has its origin in the soil.

More Obligations

To look a little closer at the consequences of the war, it is evident that there must be another legacy of obligations to veterans, of debt, and of destroyed property. Whatever the outcome of the struggle, the world will be immeasurably poorer in economic resources, labor power, and all the other things which go into our living standards.

In the last war we created the illusion of new wealth in the form of paper bonds, while at the same time

(Continued on Page 10)



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GOLD & DROSS

SAN ANTONIO

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am looking for a gold stock offering reasonable speculative attraction and one which is paying a dividend, with possibilities for growth. San Antonio has been suggested to me and I would like your opinion, which I have found helpful in the past.

—W. G. R., Dauphin, Man.

Yes, I consider San Antonio Gold Mines answers your requirements. Ore developments there have been highly favorable and it is officially stated the mine was never in a better position. Earnings which were 15.2 cents per share in 1938 are expected to be around 20 cents for 1939, and ore reserves should show a substantial increase over the 343,575 tons, or three years' supply for the 325-ton mill, reported a year ago. Expansion of mill capacity is probable this year if the development of the projected new levels proves favorable.

The No. 38 vein, which commenced below the seventh level and has been developed to the 10th, or bottom level, is not only the most important in the mine but also one of the longest ore shoots in any Canadian gold mine. On the 9th floor it shows a continuous length of 2,100 feet and already on the 10th horizon is 1,400 feet long. On the 9th the average width is 15 feet and the grade \$12 to \$13, with similar grade on the lower level.

A new internal shaft is to be sunk and a block of six new levels opened up and 1940 should provide considerable information as to the depth situation. If ore exposures carry to depth in their present quantity the mill may be stepped up to 500 or 600 tons daily. At October 7, net working capital was in excess of \$700,000. In 1939, 14 cents a share was paid in dividends.

WESTERN STEEL PRODUCTS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

As a steady reader of your Gold & Dross columns, I was considerably surprised at the stand you took in regard to the stock of Western Steel Products Corporation, Limited, in the issue of December 16, 1939. While I must agree with you that the company's financial record is not of the best, it seems to me that it is now making more headway than you give it credit for, and that, because of this progress, the stock might logically be a buy rather than a sale (as advised by you) at the present time. I would appreciate it very much if you would consider this point and give me your opinion of it.

—G. G. M., Toronto, Ont.

I think there is a good deal in what you say; in fact, information forwarded from the company since the publication of the December 16 item makes me feel that the prospect for improved earnings is indeed such as to make the stock of Western Steel Products a reasonable hold for anyone willing to accept some degree of speculative risk.

I am informed that, while it is true that operations for the 6 months ended June 30, 1939, were unprofitable, the last 6 months will prove more satisfactory and operations for the full year will be on a profitable basis.

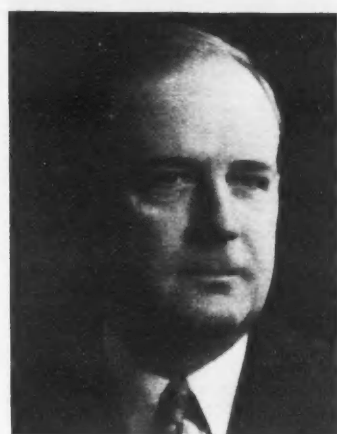
With reference to my statement that the stock was a speculation on whether or not the company receives war orders, the company itself has

Financing the "Pay-as-You-Use" Consumer

(Continued from Page 7)

capital is turned over twice a year and the annual Canadian demand for small-sum cash-credit will be nearly double this amount or about \$150,000,000 per year.

Even though these astronomical figures are considered as purely hypothetical, there is sufficient statistical data available to prove that the use of consumer credit justifies care-



A. C. TURNER, appointed superintendent of the Pacific Coast branches of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, with headquarters at Vancouver. Mr. Turner began his banking career with the Eastern Townships Bank in 1904 and joined the Canadian Bank of Commerce in 1915 as manager of one of its Montreal branches. Later he has been manager of the bank's Calgary branch.

called my attention to the fact that it was able to earn quite satisfactory profits in 1937 and 1938, when there was no war. And regarding my statement that operations are being extended to include the production of equipment for aeroplane hangars and grain elevators and that worthwhile income should be derived from this, the company points out that it has been working on aeroplane hangars for a good many years and that the products it sells in connection with hangars are such as are used in many types of buildings, among them steel roof deck, metal siding, steel sash, metal doors, etc. In regard to grain elevator business, the facts are, I am informed, that in the past the company has handled more sheet metal work for grain elevators than any other company in Canada, but that the business in this line at present available is negligible in comparison with the volume of years ago.

While it is true that Western Steel Products obtains much of its revenue from construction of one type or another, it is diversifying its output so that it is not as dependent upon new construction as it was in the past. Sales at the present time can be divided into 5 classifications: miscellaneous sheet metal work and sheet metal products to industrialists; products for use in road construction; manufactured products to the oil industry; metal products for the farm; and sales in connection with new construction. I understand that the decided improvement in balance sheet position achieved in 1938 was maintained and extended in 1939.

FOUR MINES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please tell me briefly if Broulan, Naybob, St. Anthony and Straw Lake Beach give any signs of being worth holding.

—H. S. P., Kingston, Ont.

Broulan shares appear attractive for a hold. The ore position is good with prospects favorable for developing more. The company has no indebtedness, and with earnings accruing from commencement of milling,

dividends should be an early reality.

The outlook for Naybob, after a long struggle, has improved. Operations are now on a profitable basis and the management hopes to maintain a profit while carrying out development to further enlarge the growing ore position.

St. Anthony is another mine which also has been having quite a struggle, but the prospects are brighter now with adequate power available and more favorable ore developments. The company, however, is still in debt.

A small profit is being made by Straw Lake Beach but operations have been handicapped by lack of working capital. New finances have just been arranged and extensive development is planned to fully test the possibilities of the large property, as well as extension of present ore bodies.

MONARCH, CATARAQUI

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Thanks for information received on —. I would be very pleased to have information as to the outlook for Monarch Mines and Cataraqui Gold Mines.

—M. A., Port Colborne, Ont.

The principal holding of Monarch Mines is 500,000 shares of Caryl Mining Corporation, which company plans to distribute its assets and surrender its charter. Of its capitalization of 3,000,000 shares only 860,568 are issued. In addition to \$556 in cash, Caryl owns 125,000 shares of Chesterville Larder Lake and the proposal is to distribute these on the basis of one Chesterville for each seven Caryl shares held and any balance remaining in cash, which would give Monarch close to 71,500 shares of Chesterville.

While previous work at Cataraqui Gold mines in southeastern Ontario, failed to outline a commercial ore-body, it is now considered possible that development was not in the most favorable location. Following an examination last year the company's consulting geologist recommended additional diamond drilling and results of the first holes are said to be as satisfactory as expected. As the drilling is exploratory no definite conclusions as to possibilities can be drawn until the program is completed.



GONE! As a result of the new Canada Small-Loans Act, which came into force January 1, many unregulated money-lenders have gone out of business in the Dominion. The photograph reproduced above graphically illustrates this development. Upon inquiry, it was found that this vacated office (in Toronto) had been a branch. Further investigation, prior to January 1, revealed that the parent organization was making no more loans and would be closed up the first of the year.

effective in helping rid this country of malpractices that are undermining all the good influences of the wise use of credit.

Showing the Cost

Probably one of the best safeguards to ensure against the dangerously free use of consumer credit is that of openly expressing the cost of that credit either in dollars and cents, in per cent per annum or in per cent per month.

This was the method adopted by the Dominion Parliament when drafting the Canada Small-Loans Act. The Act fixes the maximum cost that may

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24% per annum, but actually such a rate would cost the borrower more and so produce a higher return for the lender. Under the "discount" plan, the borrower would receive only \$88.00 instead of \$100.00 and the actual rate in per cent per annum would be 27.2% instead of 24%.

Many people fail to realize that a common trade discount offered retail merchants—"2% ten days, net thirty days"—actually means a charge of 36% per annum for credit. That is, if the merchant receives goods invoiced to him at \$100.00 on the first of the month and is offered a discount of \$2.00 if paid before the 10th, but he prefers to wait until the 30th and pay the full amount of \$100.00 he is actually paying \$2.00 for the use of \$98.00 for 20 days or a little more than 3% per month. He would actually save money if he borrowed \$98.00 on the 10th, at 2% per month and paid it back on the 30th. He would save .67 cents or 12.06% per annum on this transaction.

Will Find its Level

Like any other economic plan, consumer credit will find its proper level quickly if those who use it understand both its advantages and its limitations. If it is good, there will be a demand for it which will be met, to the profit of both debtor and creditor. If it is socially or economically unsound, it will die as soon as it is understood. It is just as true as ever it was that "you can't fool all of the people all of the time." The first step toward public understanding of this new economic vehicle is to find some universal medium of frankly expressing its cost to the user. The Dominion Parliament has given a lead in this direction by boldly expressing the cost of cash-credit in as simple a manner as can be conceived—a monthly rental charge for money.

If all consumer credit were suddenly to be prohibited and every individual compelled to get on a cash basis—what would happen? How many homes are wholly owned by those who are listed as owners, and how many are being bought on the instalment plan? Can real estate mortgage loans be classed as consumer credit? If we are going to be strict and consistent, they should be.

Next to homes, the automobile probably occupies the largest field of consumer credit. Twenty-five years ago, few automobiles were sold on easier terms than 50% cash and notes for the balance within 90 days. What would happen to the automobile industry if, over night, we were forced back to a basis of "all cash or no car"? How many families would be out of employment and swelling the relief rolls?

Perhaps the self-discipline of older generations who bought only on a cash or barter basis is lacking in this present day. But will anyone maintain that we should do without automobiles, radios, electric refrigerators and vacuum cleaners because we do not now possess the cash necessary for their outright purchase?

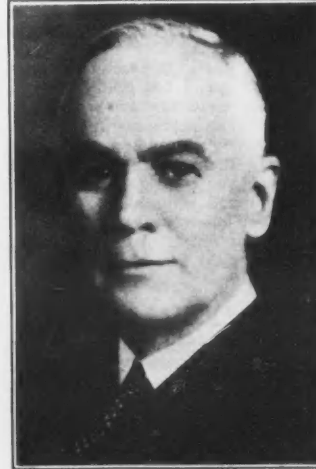
"Pay as you use" is the modern consumer's slogan. Economic research is bending to the task of perfecting the service demanded.



D. E. KILGOUR



FRANK A. ROLPH



A. J. MITCHELL



C. L. BURTON



W. M. ANDERSON

David E. Kilgour, M.A., A.I.A., F.A.S., whose appointment as President and General Manager of North American Life Assurance Company was announced by newly-elected Chairman of the Board, Frank A. Rolph, President, Rolph-Clark-Stone Limited and Chairman of the Board of the Imperial Bank of Canada.

C. L. Burton, President, Robert Simpson Company Limited, was elected a Vice-President along with A. J. Mitchell, President, A. J. Mitchell and Company Limited. W. M. Anderson, F.A.S., A.I.A., was appointed Assistant General Manager.

CONCERNING INSURANCE

Revised Old Age Security Plan

BY GEORGE GILBERT

So long as the old age security benefits provided by governments are confined to the low income earning classes of people who are in no position, either in good times or in hard times, to make any such provision for themselves, they cannot be regarded as an encroachment upon the legitimate field of private enterprise.

It should be kept in mind that the proper function of social insurance is to provide only a basic minimum of protection and not to remove the incentive for making more adequate provision through individual thrift and enterprise. Therefore, the test to be applied to any government social security measures is whether or not they remain within proper limits in the protection they afford, and if they exceed these limits they should be strenuously opposed.

WHEN the federal social security legislation was enacted in the United States, there was a feeling among insurance men that it would result in a large increase in private insurance business. It was thought that the vast amount of publicity the law was receiving would make the nation "security minded," and was accordingly institutional advertising of the best kind for life insurance. It was contended that the life insurance agent would find the way paved for him to sell annuities and retirement income policies, not only to those coming under the new law, who would be dissatisfied with the small benefits provided, but more particularly to the business and professional men who would not share in the benefits.

It was recalled in this connection that the inauguration of government insurance for U. S. soldiers in the last war, which was at first looked upon by the insurance companies as competitive and as detrimental to their business, resulted in greatly increased sales of private insurance after the government insurance went into effect.

Recently the federal old age security program has been revised in a manner that is regarded as of unusual interest to life insurance men both in head offices and in the field, particularly in view of the survivor's benefits which have been substituted for the old lump sum death benefits. Originally, the death benefit provided a lump sum on the death of the worker, the amount of which normally increased steadily to a maximum on the day he reached age 65.

Monthly Income

Under the revised plan, the lump sum is replaced by monthly income payments for the care of dependent children. It is recognized by insurance men that this type of protection will be of outstanding value to the great mass of wage earners who of themselves would not be in a position to make such provision for their children.

Also, the old age pension provisions have been materially changed, so that the amounts payable to individual workers retiring within the next fifteen years or so have been considerably increased as compared with what was payable under the original plan. But later on, the amount payable will be less than under the old plan, so that ultimately the maximum payable will be about \$36 a month, as compared with \$85 a month under the old plan.

However, as an offset, the new plan



V. B. VAN WART, who has been appointed assistant treasurer of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. He was born at Hampstead, N.B., and was graduated from Acadia University in 1920 with a B.A. degree, his studies at the university being interrupted for four years during which he served with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces overseas. Later he entered Harvard University Graduate School of Business Administration, and secured his M.B.A. degree in 1923. He joined the Sun Life head office staff the same year in the investment department, and in 1929 was appointed chief clerk, a position he held until 1936 when he was advanced to the post of supervisor of the investment department.

provides that if the wife of a retired worker is at least 65 years of age, she becomes entitled to a benefit equal to 50 per cent of what her husband receives, so that the total benefit payable to an elderly couple retiring during the early decades of the operation of the new plan will be more favorable than under the original plan. The maximum benefit for such a couple retiring many years hence will approximate the \$85 a month originally payable to an individual.

It appears that a good deal of misunderstanding has been caused by the relatively large pensions payable to workers retiring within the next fifteen or twenty years, as compared with the amounts they will have paid in. In discussing this phase of the federal old age security program before the recent convention of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents in New York, President M. Albert Linton, of the Provident Mutual Life, said that such a misunderstanding could be cleared away if consideration be given to the manner in which individual pension plans are set up by old-established corporations.

Pension Set-Up

As an illustration, he took the hypothetical case of an individual who was assumed to work steadily for the corporation from age 30 at entry to retirement at age 65. It was assumed that the pension plan was first established in 1937 and that five years later the first pensions were to be paid. A formula that has been frequently used in such pension plans was also assumed. It provides that the pension will be equal to one per cent of wages for each year of service prior to the inauguration of the pension plan, plus 1½ per cent per year of service thereafter. Thus, if a worker age 60 in 1937 had received wages of \$100 a month for the preceding thirty years and should receive the same amount until retirement five years later, his monthly pension at that time would be \$37.50.

A table was also presented by Mr. Linton, showing not only for age 60 but for three other ages the pension figures for this hypothetical private plan, for the revised social security plan, assuming that the retired worker has a wife aged at least 65, and for the original social security plan.

Under the private plan, if the age of the worker when the plan was inaugurated in 1937 was 60, the monthly pension at age 65 would be \$37.50; if his age was 50, the monthly pension at age 65 would be \$42.50; if his age was 40, the monthly pension at age 65 would be \$47.50; and if his age was 30, the monthly pension at age 65 would be \$52.50.

Under the revised social security plan, if the age of the worker when the plan was inaugurated in 1937 was 60, the monthly pension at age 65 would be \$39.38; if his age was 50, the monthly pension at age 65 would

be \$43.13; if his age was 40, the monthly pension at age 65 would be \$46.88; and if his age was 30, the monthly pension at age 65 would be \$50.63.

Original Plan

Under the original social security plan, if the age of the worker when the plan was inaugurated in 1937 was 60, the monthly pension at age 65 would be \$17.50; if his age was 50, the monthly pension at age 65 would be \$27.50; if his age was 40, the monthly pension at age 65 would be \$37.50; and if his age was 30, the monthly pension at age 65 would be \$47.50.

With regard to the attitude of the institution of life insurance toward the government old age security program as a whole, the general opinion seems to be that the social security benefits will extend primarily to the low income earning groups who would not be able to make voluntary provision against the contingencies covered by the plan. In the case of those with larger incomes included in the system, it is felt that life insurance will still be necessary to provide for the contingencies that are not covered by the old age security plan. Indeed, it is realized that many included in the social security system will find the cost of a relatively complete family protection program more nearly within their reach by reason of the start on the program provided by the social security benefits.

New Life Insurance in U.S. Shows Increase

NEW life insurance in the United States for November, 1939, was 12.5 per cent less than for November of 1938, according to a report forwarded by The Association of Life Insurance Presidents to the United States Department of Commerce. The total for the first eleven months of 1939, however, was 1.7 per cent more than that for the corresponding months of the previous year.

The report aggregates the new paid-for business—exclusive of revivals, increases, and dividend additions—of 40 United States companies having 82 per cent of the total life insurance outstanding in all United States legal reserve companies.

For all United States companies, and including revivals, increases, and dividend additions, it is estimated that the increase for the full year will approximate 2.5 per cent.

For November, the new business of all classes of the 40 companies was \$587,498,000 against \$671,262,000 for November of 1938—a decrease of 12.5 per cent. New Ordinary insurance amounted to \$415,350,000 against \$444,818,000—a decrease of 6.6 per cent. Industrial insurance was \$128,121,000 against \$182,690,000—a decrease of 29.9 per cent. Group insurance was \$44,027,000 against \$43,754,000—an increase of 6.10 of one per cent.

For the first eleven months, the new business of all classes of the 40 companies was \$6,656,352,000 against \$6,547,807,000—an increase of 1.7 per cent. New Ordinary insurance amounted to \$4,598,848,000 against \$4,209,887,000—an increase of 9.2 per cent. Industrial insurance was \$1,359,433,000 against \$1,952,763,000—a decrease of 30.4 per cent. Group insurance was \$698,071,000 against \$885,157,000—an increase of 81.2 per cent.

Fire Hazards in the Home

THE best place for fire prevention to start is in the home. Charity should start there according to the ancient saying, and certainly safety should come first. In order to safeguard the home, inspection should be made, not only in Fire Prevention Week but periodically throughout the year. All heating and lighting equipment examined, chimney and pipes kept clean of soot. No smoke pipes permitted through combustible walls; disposition of ashes safeguarded. The fuse cabinet should be of metal or asbestos lined. Fuses in all fuse blocks, none of them bridged, and not over 15 ampere fuses used in branch circuits. All drop cords should be insulated, and not supported on any conductive material. Electric irons always detached when not in use and kept on metal stands.

Matches should be kept out of the reach of children and the children should be regularly taught the danger of fire and not to play with matches. The safest type of match to use is the "Safety Match" which may be lighted only on the box.

Closets should be kept clean and all rubbish removed from the entire premises. Cleanliness is next to Godliness. Perhaps that is the reason it always plays such an important part in fire prevention.

Inquiries

Editor, Concerning Insurance:

Are the General Accident companies reliable and can they give prompt service in case of an automobile claim for public liability or property damage?

—F. G. J., Waterloo, Ont.

What is known as the General Accident Group is composed of two prin-

cipal companies, the General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited, of Perth, Scotland, and the General Accident Assurance Company of Canada. Both of these companies are regularly licensed in this country, and have deposits with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. The General of Perth has a deposit of \$655,036, and its Canadian head office is at Toronto. The General of Canada has a deposit of \$314,454, and its head office is at Toronto. Both companies occupy a strong financial position, and are safe to insure with. All claims are readily collectable.

Editor, Concerning Insurance:

Do you consider the United Mutual Fire Insurance Company, with head office at Boston, Mass., a reliable company with which to carry insurance?

—C. H. W., Bowmanville, Ont.

United Mutual Fire Insurance Company, with head office at Boston, Mass., and Canadian head office at Toronto, was incorporated in 1908, and has been doing business in this country under Dominion registry since 1925.

It is regularly licensed in this country, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$169,520 for the protection of its Canadian policyholders exclusively. The company occupies a strong financial position, and is safe to do business with. All claims are readily collectable.

Editor, Concerning Insurance:

Will you kindly tell me if you consider Non-Board companies as safe to insure in as Board companies?

The Wawanesa Mutual Insurance Company offers a lower rate than I am paying now. Is this company safe?

What is the difference in the protection of policyholders in the Board and Non-Board companies?

Are all Non-board companies safe to the same degree?

—R.W.M., Edmonton, Alta.

Whether a company is safe to insure with does not depend upon whether it is a board or non-board company but upon the security which it affords policyholders and upon the collectability of claims under its contracts. Each company, whether board or non-board, must be judged on its individual merits in this respect. All board companies do not furnish the same degree of security to policyholders; neither do all non-board companies.

The Wawanesa Mutual Insurance Company has been in business since 1896, and formerly operated under Manitoba charter, but now operates under Dominion charter and registry. It is regularly licensed for the transaction of business throughout Canada, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

At the end of 1938 its total assets were \$2,269,061.70, and it had a surplus of \$1,057,853.38 over all liabilities. It is in a strong financial position, and is safe to do business with. All claims are readily collectable.

New Year Thoughts On the War

(Continued from Page 7)

we were destroying real wealth. In the present war we aim to avoid the illusion, but we will be losing just the same, not only in ships and buildings which are the direct victims of armed attack but also in the normal productive properties which are bound to depreciate through the drain on man power and money power.

Coming so soon after the last war, from which we had not yet recuperated, we have reason to fear that this new war constitutes another loss in living standards. Some readers may dispute this, and quote certain figures to show that Canadian production per capita has gained over the past twenty years. Most of them in fact have gained, but the increase unfortunately is not represented in the average standard of living.

A minority of people have gained ground. They are not the capitalists, by any means. The millionaire of 1920 has not, on the average, the same income to spend today. Certain middle classes, including civil servants and some union workers, are the principal beneficiaries in spending power. And offsetting them are primary producers, who have been driven to a lower standard, and something like a million Canadians who are on relief. The increase in output has gone in the main to support a bloated structure of government.

Post-War Problems

The employment problem may be much greater after this war than after the last one, because (possibly) it may be much easier on life. With a depleted industrial structure, and an unprecedented public debt, we are therefore likely to be faced by a problem of greater magnitude than ever before.

Will the government disclaim the duty of providing employment, and if so, will it accord to capital the profit-incentive to enable it to operate and expand? On the other hand if the state chooses to continue in the

driver's seat, and borrows or expropriates all new savings for that purpose, will it utilize enough of these to adequately maintain the facilities of production, and to create new industries as well? If the state persists in deficit operations, whence will it draw the revenues after all the private and profit-making industries are absorbed?

Whatever the choice, these are the kind of essentials that cannot be ignored. Today they are worrying capitalist, communist, and every other species of economic thinker, because each one is all too well aware that while he may have a good political plank to stand on, he has not a completely dependable system to work under.

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1911 CONSOLIDATED FIRE & CASUALTY INS. CO.	836,437.
1910 MERCHANTS FIRE ASSURANCE CORP.	17,070,980.
1851 PACIFIC FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY	7,912,269.
1918 BANKERS & SHIPPERS INSURANCE CO.	6,917,632.
1910 JERSEY INSURANCE COMPANY	4,415,013.
1865 MILLERS NATIONAL INSURANCE CO.	6,684,478.
1873 LUMBERMEN'S INSURANCE COMPANY	4,969,546.
1835 STANSTEAD & SHERBROOKE FIRE INS. CO.	1,334,528.
1911 AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO.	22,753,358.

Toronto General Agents

1859 GORE DISTRICT FIRE INSURANCE CO.	2,508,229.
1865 PERTH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY	1,789,654.
1903 PROVINCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY	12,026,729.

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WEIGHING SHELLS. Taken at one of the great government arsenals, this picture shows shells being weighed in the shell turnery. The picture was taken under the auspices of the War Office and passed by that department for publication.

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

SHARES in gold producing mines are coming to be regarded as a particularly attractive haven for investments. In event of a long war, a further inflationary trend would be expected, thereby raising the price of gold to new high levels. In case war should draw to a close at an earlier date than expected, the gold producing mines would stand in line for greater operating efficiency and lower costs.

Uchi Gold Mines has raised production to approximately \$4,000 per day. Recovery is now closely approaching \$8 per ton. Operating costs are under \$5, and with expectations that costs may be brought down to around \$4 per ton.

Lake Shore Mines has adjusted itself to its new tonnage basis of around 2,000 tons per day. This has suggested likelihood of around 750,000 tons annually, as compared with the former peak of 900,000 tons. In the past half dozen years the gold recovery has averaged well over one half an ounce from each ton of ore. With gold now at around \$38.50 an ounce, the current recovery may reasonably be averaging very close to \$20 from each ton of ore treated—for an output of \$40,000 every twenty-four hours. Such a performance would point toward production of some \$14-

600,000 annually. Lake Shore has only to show a net profit of \$9 per ton in order to cover the dividend rate of \$3 per share annually. Close observers are now beginning to estimate that this rate is destined to be exceeded.

Production of gold from the mines of Ontario during the month of November averaged 8,510 ounces daily, or a rate of 3,106,150 a year. With gold commanding a price of \$38.50 an ounce under current rate of exchange, the production on this scale is at a rate of \$118,587,775 annually from this one province. Shades of the League of Nations when only a few years ago a committee of experts nominated by the League made the estimate that the production of gold in Canada would probably reach its peak by 1940 and such a peak would not exceed \$40,000,000,—and that for the whole of Canada. Now Ontario alone is producing nearly three times that estimate.

Naybob is maintaining output at a rate of \$45,000 per month, and with operating profits estimated at around \$20,000.

Malartic Gold Fields brought its mill to 350 tons per day at the close of 1939. Grade of ore is expected to average \$8 per ton. The management is keeping in view the prospect of being able to raise the mill capacity to 500 tons daily during 1940.

Perron Gold Mines produced \$1,450,000 in gold during 1939, according to preliminary estimates. The company paid 20 cents per share in dividends, amounting to \$400,000.

Gold mines in the province of Quebec produced 957,000 ounces of gold during 1939, according to preliminary estimates prepared for SATURDAY NIGHT. At the present price of gold, this would amount to \$36,800,000.

Mines in the Porcupine gold field of Northern Ontario treated 5,130,000 tons of ore during 1939, for production of \$47,700,000 in gold, according to preliminary estimates. This exceeds by a substantial margin any former record in the history of the area.

Mines of the Kirkland Lake gold area produced an estimated \$37,000,000 in gold during 1939. This was recovered from approximately 2,900,000 tons of ore.

Lake Shore Mines is producing 12 per cent. of all the gold coming from the mines of Ontario, as measured by the scale of operations in the opening week of 1940. Lake Shore is producing nearly 40 per cent. of all the gold coming from the entire Kirkland Lake gold area.

Ventures, Ltd., and Sudbury Basin Mines are now in line to benefit from production at the La Luz Mines in Nicaragua. The mine is controlled by these two companies.

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COMPARATIVE PRICES OF UNLISTED STOCKS

1937 — 1938 — 1939

Furnished by A. J. Pattison, Jr. & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

	1937		1938		Dec. 26, 1939	
	Bid	Asked	Bid	Asked	Bid	Asked
INDUSTRIAL STOCKS						
Acme Farmers Dairy 7% Pfd.	27.00	31.00	14.50	17.00	17.50	17.50
Andean National Corp. (Div. 3.00)	44.50	46.50	35.00	36.50	33.50	35.00
Anglo Can. Telephone "A"			8.25	9.00	8.50	9.00
Anglo Can. Telephone 5 1/2% Pfd.					48.50	49.50
Baltimore Cloth Pfd.	25.25	28.00	19.00	22.00	20.00	
B.C. Pulp & Paper Corp.	15.00	20.00	10.00	12.00	22.50	24.25
B.C. Pulp & Paper 7% Pfd.	70.00	80.00	41.00	45.00	52.00	
B.C. Sugar	94.00	96.00	80.00	84.00	92.00	95.00
Burns & Co. Ltd. "A"	7.50	8.50	4.00	5.00	8.00	8.75
Burns & Co. Ltd. "B"	2.25	2.75	1.50	2.00	5.25	6.25
Canada & Dominion Sugar					34.00	35.00
Canada Starch Com.	6.50	7.50	6.50	7.50	6.00	6.75
Can. Wire & Cable 6 1/2% Pfd.	106.00	108.00	104.00	106.00	106.50	107.50
Can. Industries "A" Com.	197.00	216.00	216.00	222.00	242.00	
Can. Industries "B" Com.	192.00	194.00	209.00	213.00	236.00	239.00
Can. Industries 7% Pfd.	157.50	160.00	169.00	171.00	169.00	172.00
Can. Tube & Steel Ltd. Pfd.	85.00	90.00	60.00	65.00	70.00	75.00
Can. Westinghouse	53.00	55.00	52.50	53.50	53.00	54.00
Chase, A. W. 8.00 Pfd. bonus	26.00	28.50	26.50	27.50	26.00	27.00
Dow, Manufacturers Pfd.	60.00	62.00	60.00	63.00	61.00	63.00
Dunlop Tire 5% Pfd.			19.50	20.50	22.25	23.25
Federal Grain Com.	1.00	1.45	1.40	1.65	5.50	2.75
Federal Grain 6 1/2% Pfd.	16.50	18.00	21.00	24.00	45.00	46.50
Goderich Elevator & Transit	4.00	5.25	6.00	6.75	9.00	9.75
Guelph Carpet Com.	21.00	23.00	16.00	17.00	13.50	
Hayes Steel Prod. Com.	5.50	6.00	10.00	10.75	22.00	24.00
Hayes Steel Prod. 6% Pfd.	6.00	7.00	8.50	9.50	10.25	11.00
Highland Dairy 7% Pfd.	74.00	78.00	51.00		69.00	74.00
Lawson Groceries Inc. Com.			10.00		11.25	11.75
Morrison Brass Units	8.50	11.00	5.50	7.00	5.00	6.00
Morrow Screw Pfd.	98.00	102.00	97.00	100.00	99.50	102.00
New Method Laundry 6 1/2% Pfd. bonus	87.00	92.00	50.00	54.00	55.50	60.00
Patterson, Wm. Pfd.	100.00	100.00	100.00	103.00	103.00	105.00
Provincial Paper 7% Pfd.	106.00	107.50	105.00	106.50	105.00	107.00
Reliance Grain 6 1/2% Pfd.			56.50	41.00	74.00	75.00
Robinson Const. Com.	8.00	8.75	7.75	8.50	8.00	8.75
Standard Fuel Com.	3.00	4.00	2.50	3.50	1.25	
Standard Fuel 6 1/2% Pfd.	74.25	78.00	34.50	36.00	57.00	60.00
Sedgman Bros. 6% Pfd.			55.50	60.00	57.00	59.00
Toronto Carpet 6 1/2% Pfd.	55.00	59.00	56.00	59.00	54.00	56.00
United Steel "A" 6% Pfd.	15.00	16.00	19.75	21.00	22.50	23.50
Western Grain 6 1/2% Pfd. bonus	5.25	6.50	4.50	5.50	8.00	10.00
Weston (George) Foods Ltd.	2.75	3.25	4.00			6.00
TRUST & LOAN STOCKS						
British Mortgage & Trust			152.00		151.00	154.00
Commercial Finance Com.	2.90	3.25	2.75	2.90	3.00	3.40
Guaranty Trust					96.00	100.00
Guelph & Ont. Invest.	52.50		52.50	55.00	53.50	55.50
Lambton Loan					31.00	34.00
London & Western Trust	52.00	55.00	36.00	39.00	38.00	40.50
Midland Loan & Savings					17.00	19.00
Premier Trust	105.00			110.00	75.00	80.00
Traders Finance "A" Com.	15.50	15.00	14.50	15.75	13.50	15.00
Traders Finance "A" 6% Pfd.					22.00	25.00
Trusts & Guarantees	26.00	28.00	26.00	27.75	27.00	29.00
Victoria Loan & Savings					107.00	116.00
INSURANCE STOCKS						
British America Assce.	57.00		55.00		55.00	
Canada Life Assce. (Div. 20.00)	535.00		481.00	487.00	455.00	475.00
Confederation Life 30% Pfd.	112.00	115.00	146.50		150.00	154.00
Crown Life fully pd.	195.00		240.00		260.00	
Dominion Fire Ins.	135.00		130.00		135.00	
Dom. of Can. Gen. Ins.	123.00	130.00	105.00		120.00	127.00
Excess Life 30% Pfd.	60.00		57.00	63.00	57.00	60.00
Federal Fire 25% Pfd.	41.00		48.00	52.00	50.50	54.00
Great West Life (Div. 15.00)	308.00	315.00	300.00	310.00	250.00	
Imperial Life	120.00	340.00	120.00	315.00	295.00	305.00
Manufacturers Life	256.00	270.00	259.00	242.00	227.00	
Monarch Life 10% Pfd.	24.50	26.00	24.00	26.00	21.00	23.00
Sun Life Assce. (Div. 15.00)	450.00	480.00	405.00	420.00	375.00	400.00
Toronto General Ins.	5.25	6.00	5.00	6.00	5.50	6.00
Western Assurance Com. (Div. 2.40)	47.50	50.00	48.00	51.00	48.00	50.00
INVESTMENT TRUST SHARES						
Can. Gen. Invest. Ltd. (Div. 50c.)	8.35	8.50	7.90	8.25	9.25	9.50
Can. Investors Corp. (Div. 40c.)	5.50	6.50	6.75	7.50	6.25	6.75
Corporate Investors	6.00	6.50	6.05	6.50	6.50	7.00
Security Fund Corp. 6% Pfd. bonus	17.00	19.50	19.00		21.50	
United Corp. Ltd. "A"	20.00	22.00	20.25	21.50	22.00	24.00
United Corp. Ltd. "B"	10.00	10.50	10.25	11.50	10.00	11.00
POWER ISSUES						
Calgary Power 6% Pfd.	85.00	87.50	93.00	96.00	99.50	101.00
Can. West. Nat. Gas L.H. & P. 6% Pfd.	85.50	87.50	95.00	99.00	100.50	102.00
Great Lakes Power Pfd.	98.00	100.00	101.00	102.50	102.00	104.00
Nor. Ont. Power 6% Pfd.			98.50	100.50	95.00	

COMPARATIVE PRICES OF UNLISTED BONDS

1937 — 1938 — 1939

	1937		1938		Dec. 26, 1939	
	Bid	Asked	Bid	Asked	Bid	Asked
INDUSTRIAL BONDS						
Ames Holden Tire 7% 1943	73.00	77.00	83.00	87.00	89.00	
B.C. Pulp & Paper 6% 1950	94.50	96.50	75.00	78.00	79.00	84.50
B.C. Pulp & Paper 7% 1950	108.00	112.00	90.00	95.00	72.00	
Burns 5% 1958 (Income)	58.00		49.00	52.00	60.00	69.00
Canada Bread 6% 1941	104.50	107.00	106.00	107.00	103.00	
Can. Locomotive 6% 1953	50.00	55.00	52.00	54.00	80.00	84.00
Dom. Woolfords 6% 1953	51.00	53.00	48.00	51.00	80.00	85.00
Gurney Foundry 5 1/2% 1949 W.S.	21.00	24.00	24.00	26.50	47.50	50.00
Mercury Mills 5 1/2% 1953	60.00	65.00	48.00	51.00	71.00	73.00
New Method Laundry 6% 1949	101.00		102.00	104.50	101.00	
Sterling Coal 6% 1940			92.00	95.00	91.75	95.50
United Corp. 5% 1953	96.00	98.00	96.00	99.00	97.00	99.00
REALTY BONDS						
Adelaide Sheppard 7% 1948	27.00	29.00	19.50	21.50	19.00	21.00
Albert Bay 6 1/2% 1942	69.00	73.00	55.00		57.00	
Balfour Bldg. 6% 1943	28.00	31.00	30.50		33.00	36.00
Bloor St. George 7% 1946	52.00	56.00	48.00	45.00	54.00	57.00
Clarendon Apts. 7% 1946	29.00	33.00	27.50	29.50	25.00	27.00
Clarendon Properties 7% 1947	29.00	33.00	27.50	29.50	25.00	27.50
Common Square Court 6% 1953	47.00	52.00	48.00	49.00	44.00	46.00
General Brock Hotel 3% 1954	27.00	30.00	27.50	30.50	32.00	
Lombard Realty 3% 1951	37.00	40.00	37.00	40.00	25.00	27.00
Ontario Bldg. 5 1/2% 1941	32.00	38.00	28.00	32.00	29.00	32.00
Richmond Bay 6% 1947	94.00	97.00	96.00	100.00	98.00	101.00
Winchester Court Apts. 6% 1947	24.00	25.00	16.00	19.00	16.00	18.00
Winchester Court Apts. 6% 1942	24.00	27.00	26.00		27.00	30.00
E. & O. E.						

Britain's Shipping Problems in War

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

In this war, more than ever a war of trade, the mercantile marine, with its defending convoys, is the first line of Britain's defence and the spearhead of her attack.

Serious shipping problems have to be overcome. Shipping facilities far beyond those of the British Isles have to be made available to carry necessary cargoes, and means must be found to counteract the congestion and uneconomic use which war conditions involve in the shipping industry.

NOW that the war has started in earnest we can see clearly enough that the main field of operations—between England and Germany at any rate—is to be the sea.

In this war of blockade England starts, geographically, at a disadvantage. She has, in the past century, relied more than any other major power on overseas trade; though she is not so fundamentally incapable of sustaining her population as Japan in the present stage of development. Britain can dispense with some of her imports, but a considerable import trade is still necessary for war industries and to feed the people. The Germans, though on a much lower standard of living, are much more nearly self-sufficient.

The key to Britain's war policy at the present time is, therefore, shipping. Germany has the advantage of land-communications with territories which either do not wish or do not dare to be hostile to her; and the Baltic is at present open to her shipping.

Allied Contact

Britain has direct and assured contact with her ally across the Channel; a fact which is of vital importance in the pooling of Allied resources, undertaken this time much earlier than in the last war.

But the Atlantic routes will always need careful patrolling while the U-boats are still at large; the Southern and Eastern routes are liable to interruption by German vessels harbored around Spain; and the North Sea, key to Scandinavia and North-Eastern Europe generally, is the scene of a fierce struggle for mastery.

It is with these facts in mind that the British government has concentrated its main efforts on the shipping problem. In the years of twilight peace which preceded actual war, the Navy, with its Air Arm, was strengthened as being the most important weapon of defence for any power whose economy is based on international supplies of foodstuffs and raw materials. And now that those supplies are actually threatened again, the problems of shipping are being grappled with earlier and more vigorously than in the last war.

There are many lessons to be learned from that period. From early in 1917 when the government first understood the force of the shipowners' argument regarding the deficiency of carrying power—there developed a systematized co-ordination of shipping and cargoes. There was an overwhelming need for increasing carrying capacity to meet the greatly augmented requirements of trade; but the government did not begin to move until the available tonnage had been reduced by a quarter and imports by a third. The process of requisitioning was not completed until early 1917, though it had proceeded a long way; but in this war it is already in full swing.

Needs World-Wide

The problem which the government have to grapple with now is not simply the requisitioning of British shipping to be applied to specific requirements. The country's trade needs are world-wide, and shipping facilities far beyond those of the British Isles should

be made available, by any possible means, to carry the cargoes. Furthermore, some means must be found to counteract the congestion and uneconomic use which war conditions involve in the shipping industry.

The only incentive which the neutrals can have to enter the trading sphere, with all the wartime dangers with which it is beset, is a high level of freight rates. In the last war every effort was made to keep freights down at a reasonable level; but the policy had the inevitable effect of restricting the volume of shipping coming forward for service. Rates have risen very fast since the outbreak of the Second World War; but the risks on some routes are considerable, bonuses are large; and some vessels already sent out have been recalled.

The convoy system is the Admiralty's answer to these difficulties. The First Lord has given the assurance that it will provide ample protection, and certainly the results of the first months are encouraging. There is a natural tendency to keep costs down by restricting freights; but at the present high levels there is strong incentive to neutral ships to carry cargoes to Britain, provided that reasonable safety is assured.

Co-ordination

The problem of congestion can never be wholly solved in wartime. Convoys themselves involve delays. The dislocation of the normal trends of commerce means that the balancing process whereby cargoes would be most readily brought from those areas to which British goods were sent, thus avoiding voyages in ballast, is thrown out of gear. Every delay, every voyage without cargo, means a waste of effective shipping. Consequently, one of the first tasks of the government responsible for the country's supplies is to co-ordinate shipping facilities, and direct trade as well as possible on those routes where a balanced trade can be achieved.

And the answer to the U-boats is to build more mercantile tonnage. In the battle against German exports naval vessels are of prime importance; but in the battle to retain and increase British trade a large and effectively-used mercantile fleet is indispensable. The latter part of the last war showed the necessity to maintain commercial building, even if the Admiralty's needs had to take second place. In this war, more than ever a war of trade, the Mercantile Marine, with its defending convoys, is the first line of Britain's defence and the spearhead of her attack.

Western Oil and Oil Men

BY T. E. KEYES

THE important event in oil circles last week was the bringing in of the Franco-Shaw No. 3 well as a crude producer. It is located at Lloydminster on the Saskatchewan side of the Alberta-Saskatchewan boundary line and is the first crude oil well to be brought into production in that province. Saskatchewan can now talk of its infant crude oil industry.

The oil horizon was contacted at 1,710 feet as against 1,753 feet for the Franco-Shaw No. 2 crude producer located about one and one-half miles further northwest and 1,910 feet for the Lloydminster Royalties well, located approximately two and one-half miles north and west. The producing horizon in all three wells is reported to be at the top of the cretaceous formation and local geologists say that if such is the case, the No. 3 well is considerably higher on structure than the other wells. The results at this well also indicate that the important part of the structure lies within Saskatchewan.

In addition to the oil, this well has a gas flow estimated at 1,000,000 cubic feet per day, and officials are hopeful that the gas will be sufficient to flow the well. According to a report just released by the Alberta Petroleum Association on wildcat opera-



THE FINAL ONCE-OVER. Before being tested on the range, the Bren gun—called the finest light machine gun in the world—is given a last mechanical check-up.

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tions in Alberta last year, the Lloydminster-Vermilion area was by far the most successful. The report shows nineteen wildcat wells were drilled to completion in Alberta. The result was nine abandoned wells, four oil producers and five gas producers.

All of the four oil producers mentioned in the report were in the Lloydminster-Vermilion area, and all were drilled by the Franco-Thorn-Shaw interests.

The report also shows the Del Bonita No. 2 well located just north of the Montana boundary as being on test, producing gas and oil.

Of the five gas producers, the report shows three were drilled by the Anglo Canadian interests on the Steeville structure; one at Atlee and one by the Franco-Thorn-Shaw interests at Lloydminster. These interests have also recently completed a large gas well in the Vermilion area.

Geologists in the past have expressed different opinions on this area, some have more or less condemned it and included in this group according to a Calgary operator, is the Alberta Research Council. On the other hand, Dr. Ralph Arnold of Los Angeles, one of the most successful and high-

ly regarded international geologists on the continent, speaks very highly of the oil and gas possibilities of this area.

Also U.S. financial interests, on the recommendation of their geologists and gas engineers, have issued a \$4,000,000.00 line of credit to the Thorn interests to build a pipe line and gas distributing system in Saskatchewan.

Coming back to the A.P.A. report, while it is unfortunate that nine wells are dusters, and while it is very discouraging to the operators, nevertheless it is no disgrace to drill a dry hole. These operators have rendered the industry a very great service, as the information will be of great value to others. Nor should operators or the public be discouraged. The history of oil and mining shows many failures, but one strike makes up for these failures.

In the development of Natural Resources, patience is required. Even after oil has been found it takes time. Every new oil field has its problems. The grade of crude is often different from that presently being processed by local refineries, and these refineries will not change their equipment until substantial reserves are built up, or again pipe lines must be built or new markets obtained. As I listened to the evidence submitted to the Royal Commission here, I was surprised at the length of time these adjustments took, and the operators were major or well financed companies.

We still have sixteen wildcat wells drilling in Alberta and nine wildcat wells scheduled to start drilling in 1940. Of the wildcats drilling, the attention of oil men is particularly focussed on the National Petroleum No. 3 and Grease Creek No. 1 wells, as they are now drilling at important and promising horizons, and the next few weeks of drilling should tell the story of whether we are going to have one or two new structures right in Calgary's back yard. In the meantime, all we can do is keep our fingers crossed and hope for the best.

The other day I received a letter suggesting I should go after some of our major companies for not doing more wildcatting, or as the writer put, "Not trying to develop at least a domestic supply in our hour of need, and thus conserve our foreign exchange to purchase necessary war supplies."

The Imperial has already spent around \$4,000,000.00 in wildcatting and are presently jointly interested in the Grease Creek test. Also Imperial officials told me some months ago that they were planning on spending \$200,000.00 on testing the Gaspé Peninsula in Quebec. In fact recent adds show them doing geological work in various parts of the country.

Likewise our Calgary Gas Company has spent a very large sum in wildcatting and, like the Marland Oil, the Hudson's Bay Co. and the late Henry L. Doherty have made a very considerable contribution to the oil industry in western Canada.

I am glad to learn that the Texas Company is still interested in western Canada and has permanently located E. H. Hunt, one of its senior geologists, in Calgary. Mr. Hunt spent from 1929 to 1932 inclusive doing geological work for his company in Alberta and is very highly regarded by his fellow geologists. Another prominent geologist who has permanently returned to Alberta, is J. D. Webb. He has recently been appointed senior geologist for the Anglo Canadian Oil Company. Mr. Webb from 1928 to 1932 directed the geological operations of the Marland-Hudson's Bay Company, and as one geologist said to me, "You can rank him in the same class as Dr. T. A.



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"A bank where small accounts are welcome"

Link, S. E. Slipper, G. S. Hume and other senior geologists."

This column also welcomes as a permanent resident of Calgary, Thomas F. Lee, who has had a very wide experience in many lines of endeavor, especially in international finance and the oil business in the United States and South American countries. I am told Mr. Lee is now in New York where he is arranging for his household and personal effects to be shipped to Calgary. Mr. Lee is president of the British Dominion Oil & Development Corporation Ltd. He also financed the drilling of the British Colonial well in Turner Valley last year.

Coming back to Turner Valley operations, the A.P.A. progress report shows thirty-five wells completed in this field in 1939. The only non-

How much will it cost you to borrow \$100 at the Bank of Montreal, if you are able and willing to repay the money in 12 equal monthly instalments? Just \$3.65. There's no other charge.

commercial or abandoned well completed in 1939 in this field was Scottish Petroleum. All other wells drilled were oil producers.

When 1940 came on the scene, there were sixteen wells drilling in Turner Valley with nine others scheduled to start early in the year. In fact, Royalite No. 48 and Pacific Pete No. 5 spudded in New Year's day.

As this is written, two Royalite wells, Nos. 45 and 46, and Command No. 2 are all on test having completed drilling.

The Home No. 4 well is also about completed and Home No. 3 has contacted the lime 157 feet shallower than the No. 4 well. Both wells are located in the north end of Turner Valley near the large Home No. 2 well.

Mice and Men against Pneumonia



FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH PURPOSES, the white mice you see above are almost miniature human beings.

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Perhaps you do not realize how much progress has recently been made in this struggle—that the death rate from pneumonia has dropped nearly one half in the past ten years.

Diagnosis of pneumonia is now more certain, determination of the type more accurate. Serums have been developed which are highly effective in combating the disease—provided they are given in time. New chemical compounds are also playing an important role in the control of pneumonia.

That this progress has been made, that it offers so much hope of relief and cure, gives you more reason than ever for being on the alert to detect pneumonia's danger signals. More reason, too, for letting your doctor know about them promptly, and thus give him the opportunity of determining as soon as possible which treatment is most appropriate for your particular case.

Though pneumonia may strike without warning, the most common symptoms usually appear after a cold or grippy

infection or some extreme exposure or exhaustion. These symptoms consist of: Sudden chill. Fever. Pain in side. Cough. Thick, rust-colored sputum. Hurried, somewhat labored breathing. Any one or any combination of these symptoms indicates illness which may be pneumonia. So, a doctor should be called at once. Tragic situations have resulted from delay in seeking medical treatment. Pneumonia works fast, and the physician must work faster to check the disease.

Winter and early spring are the months when colds and pneumonia are most frequent. If you have a severe cold, influenza, or grippy, call a doctor, take the precaution of resting, and stay away from other people as much as possible.

During the coming danger months, there is much that can be done to keep your resistance high to these infections. Metropolitan's booklet—"Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia"—contains many valuable, practical suggestions to help you ward off trouble. Fill out and mail the coupon and we shall send you this booklet free.

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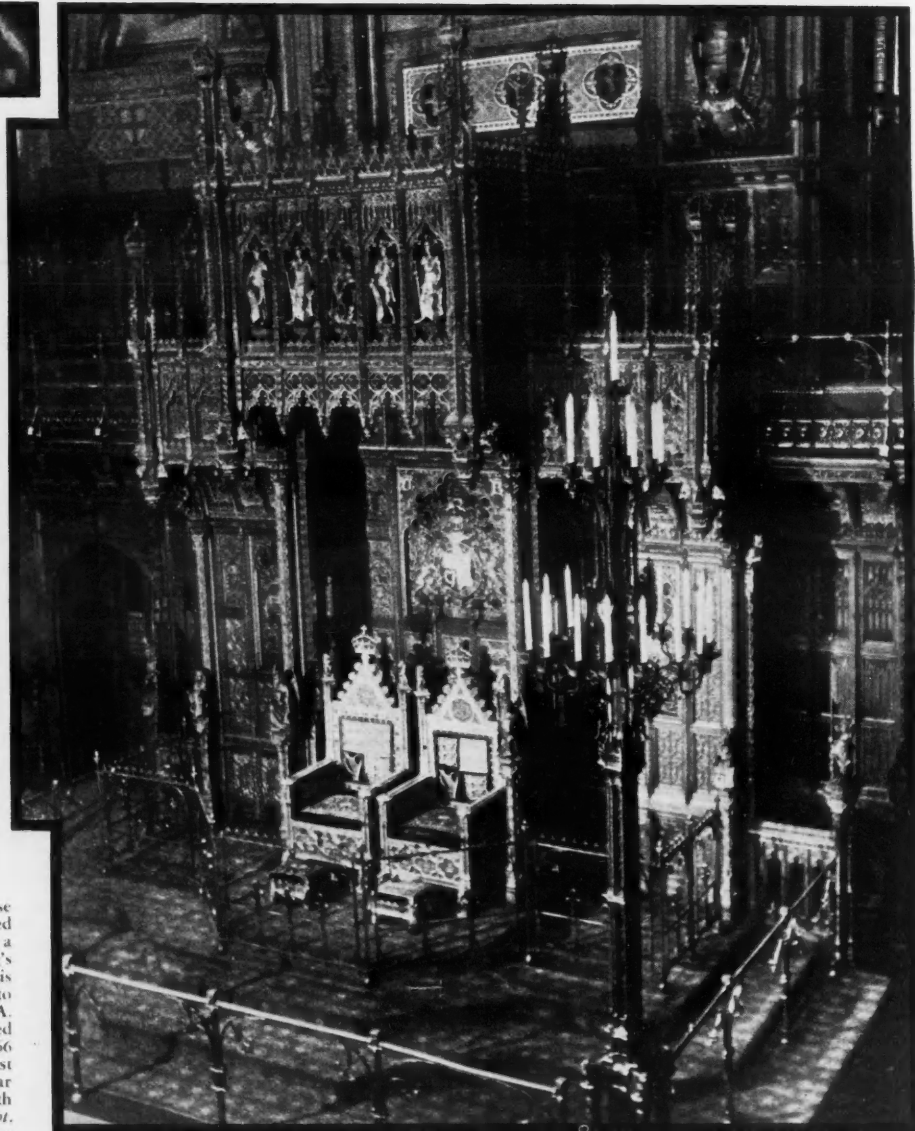
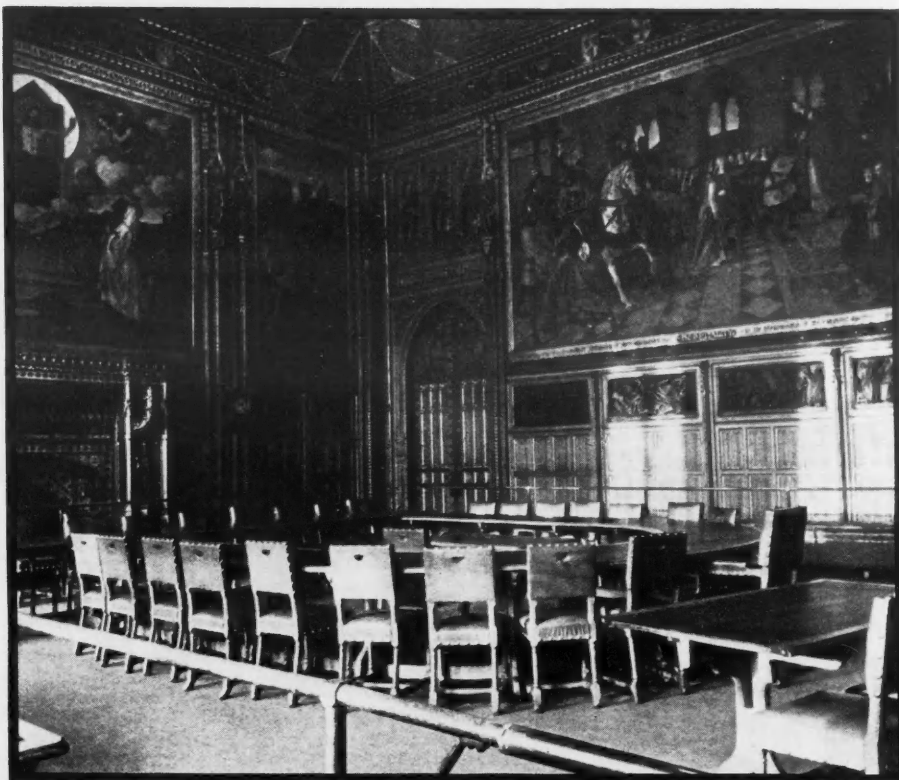
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THE ARTS

TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 6, 1940

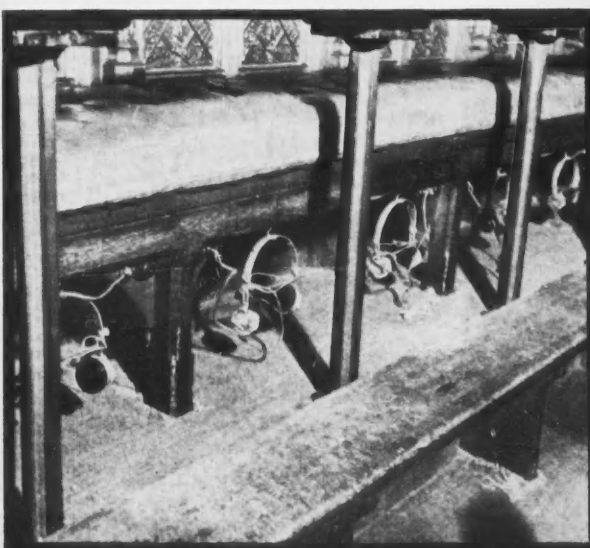
Inside The House of Lords, Temporal and Spiritual



THE PICTURES

First row, left to right. (A) The Chamber of the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor sits on the Woolsack, placed in the House at the time of Edward III when wool was a staple industry. It is now stuffed with hair. (B) The King's robing room. Second row, left to right. (A) "With this ring Queen Elizabeth was wedded to the Realm", according to the inscription on this canvas by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A. It is an illustration of the scene when the Commons petitioned Good Queen Bess to marry. (B) The names of the 266 members of the House of Lords who were killed in the first Great War are carved on the wall surrounding this war memorial. (C) The Royal Throness, designed by the 19th Century architect, Augustus Pugin. Third row, left to right. (A) This is the Bar where the Commons have to stand when called to hear the King's Speech. (B) Under the Press Gallery of the Upper House are head-phones to be used when newspapermen cannot hear what the Peers are saying. A microphone is lowered in the centre of the Chamber. (C) The Strangers' Gallery, immediately above the clock, the Press Gallery.

(Story on Page 20)



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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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February, 1940

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RUTH DRAPER RETURNS TO TORONTO. The famous disease in one of her most popular sketches, "Three Women and Mr. Clifford." Left, as the Private Secretary; centre, as the wife; right, as "the other woman." Miss Draper will appear at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, January 11-12-13.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Opinions of Sibelius on Music

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE present immense vogue for the symphonic works of Sibelius was established before the Russian invasion of Finland began. Now that the country of which he is the most celebrated son, living or dead, is the focal point of an international tragedy, interest in him is deeper than ever. Though somewhat of a recluse, Sibelius in the past two or three years has not hesitated to disclose his opinions on music, the fruit of a long life of thought on the subject. He says it is a mistake to suppose that composition becomes easier as the years go on to a musician of long experience. In reality it becomes more difficult, because a man who takes his art seriously becomes more critical of himself.

When he was a student in Germany in the eighties, he became unpopular in certain quarters because he refused to yield to the Wagner cult, then at its height! He was regarded as blasphemous because he said he preferred Verdi. If he were young again, but equipped with the experience life has brought him, he thinks he would be considerably more appreciative of Wagner than he once was. His antagonism was, he believes dictated to some extent by the fear of being subjected to an influence that was taking possession of so many friends young and old. As an operatic composer he still places Verdi higher than Wagner, because he says opera is a conventional form of art, and should be cultivated as such.

Sibelius places Beethoven above all other composers, and he is as powerfully affected by his human side as by his music. "He was a revelation to me," he says. "He was a Titan. Everything was against him and yet he triumphed." Throughout his long life he has noted certain tendencies arising, lasting for a time and then dying out. Consequently, though he finds much that is interesting in present-day music, he cannot sympathize with all the tendencies that have been expressed in recent decades. There has been too much experimenting, and unaffected feeling has not been allowed to come into its own. Instrumentation in many modern works is too showy. "Put fire in your mouth and scare the children!" so to speak; and he feels that much contemporary composition has too little connection with life; its themes are artificial and its elaboration mechanical.

For Young Composers

Henry T. Jamieson, President of Canadian Performing Right Society announces that despite war conditions the organization's annual competition for Canadian-born composers, under 22 years of age, will be continued in 1940. The first of these events in the spring of 1938 was experimental, but the report of the adjudicators on the results was so encouraging as to convince the Society that the competition should become permanent. Results in 1939 were even more encouraging. In the submissions and awards nation-wide interest has been manifest. During the past two years upwards of 75 young Canadians representing every province of Canada have submitted original compos-

itions, a majority of which have revealed promise, imagination and considerable technical knowledge. In 1940 as in the past the premier award will be a scholarship at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, value \$750 (\$400 for maintenance) and three additional cash prizes of \$50 each will be given. Since the competition was inaugurated 10 awards have been made, three of which have gone to British Columbia; three to Ontario; one each to Quebec, Manitoba, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick respectively. It is worthy of note that in both years the major scholarship award went to outlying cities; in 1938 to Eldon Rathbun of St. John, N.B., and in 1939 to Lawrence Goodwill of Vancouver, B.C. On arrival at Toronto both these winners

were placed for study under the foremost of Canadian composers, Dr. Healey Willan. Mr. Rathbun is now back in St. John and a familiar figure on the air. The adjudicators will again be Sir Ernest MacMillan and Dr. Leo Smith of the Musical Faculty of the University of Toronto; Capt. J. J. Gagnier, Mus. Doc., Montreal, Godfrey Hewitt, F.R.C.O. of Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, Hector Charlesworth, and Henry T. Jamieson, President of C.P.R.S. Competitors are expected to submit two original manuscripts one of which should be a song. As all entries must be in by March 1st next, prospective competitors should at once send for application forms to the head office of the Society, 1003 Royal Bank Building, Toronto.

FILM PARADE

All a Matter of Preference

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

SINCE this is the time of year for going over the records and sorting out impressions we may as well make the annual quick clearance before getting on with 1940. It usually happens that items on my Ten Best list turn up on other people's Ten Worst, and vice versa, but this apparently can't be helped. The following lists are offered in good faith and on a record, at least, of faithful attendance (248 hours, elapsed time, in 1939).

The Ten Best:
Wuthering Heights,
Juarez,
Love Affair,
Young Mr. Lincoln,
Jamaica Inn,
Nurse Edith Cavell,
Good-bye, Mr. Chips,
Ninotchka,
Mr. Smith goes to Washington,
The Old Maid.
And the Ten Worst:
Susannah of the Mounties,
The Gorilla,
The Little Princess,
Man About Town,
Lady of the Tropics,
Son of Frankenstein,
Disputed Passage,
Dodge City,
Any one of the Blondie series.

There was also a film involving Myrna Loy as an Heiress and Robert Taylor as a playboy, on a three-day-bender. As I didn't make a record of it I can't at the moment recall its name. But it left its scars, and so I've kept a place open for it well up on the list.

Best feminine performance in 1939: Bette Davis as Elizabeth in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex."

Worst masculine performance of 1939: Errol Flynn as Essex in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex."

Best masculine performance in

1939: Robert Donat as Mr. Chips in "Good-bye Mr. Chips."

Worst feminine performance in 1939: Dorothy Lamour as Audrey, the Political Missionary, in "Disputed Passage."

Girl most likely to succeed on her 1939 record: Ingrid Bergman, star of "Love-Story; an Intermezzo."

Most dramatic newsreel of the year: The suicide of the Graf Spee.

Best comedy sequence of 1939: The Indian train-looting episode in "Union Pacific."

Best example of accidental comedy: Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Dr. Livingstone leading the African natives in a jam version of "Onward Christian Soldiers."

There was more—but not actually better—technicolor in 1939 than in any previous year. There were more Westerns, merging into more fervent nationalism than we have ever had before. There was a marked increase in flag-waving, together with a noble burst of nationalism (since discredited) from the Soviet, in "Alexander Nevsky". (But how were we to know that it was the Finnish invaders of the Fatherland, rather than the Teutonic or Asiatic, that Amkino had in mind?) Garbo laughed, and recovered large sections of her public. Bobby Breen's voice changed, retiring him from the screen. Mickey Rooney was mobbed in New York. A number of Hollywood's happiest couples secured divorces, and America's First Family, the Hardys, continued to demonstrate the ideal domestic life of America. Several more child-coloraturas with phenomenal twenty-five-year-old throats were discovered and placed before the public. "Gone With the Wind" opened in Georgia, with a state-wide holiday and a three-day fiesta; and an eleven-year-old girl in Atlanta fainted with joy at the sight of Clark Gable.

There was the usual distribution of good and bad films through the year; but the good ones were better than usual, while the bad ones were certainly no worse. On the whole 1939 seems to have been a busy and rewarding year in the industry, however disastrously it may have turned out for the human race in general.

Now that Myrna Loy and William Powell have a screen-baby, the "Thin Man" family promises to become as much an institution as the Hardys. In "Another Thin Man" the couple go down for a quiet week-end at Long Island, and almost before Miss Loy has had time to pop the baby into the bottom bureau drawer for safe-keeping, C. Aubrey Smith is murdered in his bed. The plot-complications from then on are so involved that they could hardly be followed without—or even with—a ground-plan. The happy pair are of course as insouciant as ever, never too busy or appalled for a quip or a cocktail. No possible gag is neglected and quite a number from the first and second of the series have been included. On the whole "Another Thin Man" is just



ARGENTINITA AND HER SPANISH ENSEMBLE, who will appear at the Eaton Auditorium, Toronto, in a program of Spanish dancing and music on January 8.

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another of the better imitations of the original "Thin Man." . . . "The Great Victor Herbert" introduces Mary Martin ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy"), to the screen, and turns out to be a serious period piece, with heart-break and renunciations that tend to drag down the airy score. Herbert admirers, however, may find the music worth all the trouble.

Announcements

MARRIAGES

GORDON-HILLER—On Wednesday, December 27th, 1939, in Grace Church on-the-Hill by the Rev. John H. Dixon assisted by the Rev. Hugh Bedford Jones, Jean Ernesta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hiller, to James Neil Gordon, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. MacKendrick Gordon.

THE THEATRE

Evening With the Volkoff Ballet

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

MASSEY HALL is a very large hall, and has to cater to a very large public. It may take a season or two for it to convince the large public that the annual ballet production of Mr. Volkoff is not a mere Christmas entertainment of a dancing school, calculated to appeal chiefly to the parents and relatives of the juvenile dancers. It is not that at all. Even that part of the entertainment which, necessarily, is devoted to the exhibition of the accomplishments of the less experienced pupils is designed and put together with such a sense of comedy, such showmanship, such authority, that it runs with perfect smoothness and affords excellent entertainment. And the two-thirds of the program in which the really well trained and in some cases brilliant members of the organization have their chance is ballet of a very high order. It is to be hoped that this latest enterprise of the Massey Hall management—which included the pro-

vision of a large and excellent orchestra under the sensitive baton of Mr. Mazzoleni—will be continued for many years to come and will attract much larger audiences. It is perhaps questionable whether Christmas week is the ideal date for it.

The one full-length ballet, "Legend of a June Night" to music by Schubert and von Weber, was done with imagination and poetic feeling, though not all of the participants were able to make their parts live in dramatic meaning—which is no more than to say that they are not yet solo dancers of genius. The glorified ballroom dancing of the final "Gala Party" was extraordinarily good, with chief honors going to Janet Baldwin and John Marsha in a valse, Norma Lawrie and David Asion in a tango, and Joan Hutchinson and June Robinson in a schottische. There were several cleverly staged ensembles, and Mr. Volkoff's dexterity and sense of comedy values were frequently in evidence. A most enjoyable two hours.

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY HAROLD F. SUTTON

A Great Poet and a Great Man

BY L. A. MACKAY

SHAKESPEARE, by Mark Van Doren. Oxford. \$3.50.
CHATEAUBRIAND, by Joan Evans. Macmillan. \$4.00.

MR. VAN DOREN's book is not a biography, nor a historical study, nor an examination of the problems of Shakespearean scholarship; but it is in a sense a biography of Shakespeare's dramatic genius. Thirty-six brief chapters deal with the poems and plays in an order roughly chronological, though Mr. Van Doren does not insist upon any chronology. He is attempting poetic rather than strictly scholarly criticism; and though he traces a rough sequence of themes and moods, he is too conscious of the poet's variety to feel confidence in any dogmatic marshaling of these moods.

The book presumes a reading knowledge of Shakespeare, and studies the poetic rather than the theatrical quality of the plays. It is the language, not the plot, that particularly interests Mr. Van Doren, the language as displaying the developing dexterity and the varied facets of Shakespeare's control of the poetic medium, and also the language as illustrating the character of the various speakers. In this connection, much use is made of the principle of dominant words and images so fruitfully explored by Professor Knight. This method in the hands of most practitioners simply means that they stress the words and images that most struck them in the reading, that most corresponded to the general idea they had of the play anyway; yet there is no reason to be surprised that in plays written as rapidly as Shakespeare's, certain sets of images should tend to dominate, in accordance with the general mood of the play, and their recognition may serve as useful emphasis to that mood. Mr. Van Doren's sensitive appreciation of rhythmic effects is also illuminating; he is at his best in savoring the individual styles of various speakers. After all, the plays, whatever else they are, are in the first place arrangements of words, and as Mr. Van Doren excellently puts it, "Each character has his unique carriage and voice, and will not be mistaken for any other man on earth. He is first of all a member of the human race. After that he is himself, saying things which Shakespeare knows how to envelop in a silence so natural that for the time being we hear no other sound than that of his discourse."

CHATEAUBRIAND, the subject of Miss Evans' biography, is best remembered as a man of letters, the first of the French Romantics, gifted with a lavishly rich and colorful style. But he was also soldier, traveler, and politician, personally involved as a Royalist in the Revolution, and

later ambassador to Berlin and London, and Minister of Foreign Affairs, dying at last after all his travels in Paris to the sound of the guns of 1848.

His vivid and colorful life has all the interest of a novel, and since the main source is his own memoirs and letters, in which he was at times more susceptible to the claims of literary art than of prosaic history, any life of Chateaubriand is bound to be at least in part a novel of his own making. Miss Evans has accepted these terms, and while avoiding the wilder colorings of fact, has been content to show us Chateaubriand as he chose to see himself. On the whole, it is probably the most interesting light in which he could be shown. It is a pity, perhaps, that a more sober time, and exigencies of space, have compelled her to temper the exuberant flamboyance that gives such a generous succulence to the passages of Chateaubriand's memoirs that she is condensing in translation, but enough remains to form a vivid and colorful picture of the man, with enough background of the times to be intelligible. Her faith in Chateaubriand's instinct for the romantic, in his own life as elsewhere, is amply justified.

"NooDeal"

BY G. W. HICKS

STAR SPANGLED VIRGIN, by DuBose Heyward. Oxford. \$2.25.

ONCE upon a time we had a cousin. We have her still but at the time of which we are speaking both she and we were a good deal younger than we are now. She was of the stuff of which family skeletons are made and in consequence was never spoken of except in whispers, but our ears were acute and we caught the whispers and we knew our cousin by sight and we thought her glamorous and exciting. We remember our first play at the Royal Alexandra Theatre and we remember that our cousin sat in front of us with a flashily-dressed man and we remember that our father leaned across to us and pointing at a long diagonal bulge across the back of the escort's coat said "I think he's wearing a gun." We remember tearing our eyes off the imaginative riot of black ribbon that our cousin was wearing for a hat and concentrating with youthful fierceness on the diagonal bulge. But although the man looked as though he might well wear a shoulder holster and although we wanted very much to have him wear a shoulder holster, we didn't believe it. Despite the fact that we almost leaned across and touched it, the fold in the coat remained a fold and even though we tried very hard we couldn't conjure



DALE CARNEGIE, the well-known lecturer, author and teacher of public speaking who comes to Massey Hall, Toronto, on Thursday, January 11th, to speak on his specialty, "How to Win Friends and Influence People", under the sponsorship of the Advertising and Sales Club of Toronto. This lecture is one of a series of four on various aspects of modern salesmanship to be followed in succeeding months with talks by J. George Jones of Alexander Hamilton Institute, Zenn Kaufman and Elmer Wheeler. Each speaker will also be heard the following night in Montreal sponsored by the Advertising and Sales Executives Club of Montreal.

it into a shoulder strap. We were unconvinced.

In a good many ways we feel the same of DuBose Heyward's "Star Spangled Virgin" as we did about our cousin's escort. We think the author has chosen a glamorous locale for his novel—the Virgin Islands—and we think that often he gives the impression of telling of real people and doing it humorously, and we think that the title is the best since Jerome Weidman's "The Horse That Could Whistle 'Dixie'" but when we finished the book and put it down, we didn't believe it. The wrinkle in the back of our cousin's escort's coat was a real wrinkle but we didn't want a wrinkle, we wanted a shoulder holster, and Mr. Heyward's novel is an honest-to-goodness novel all right, but we are looking for a real story and we expected to believe that it was about real people. We were unconvinced.

When Adam Work took his son Ramsay MacDonald and left the island of Tortola and deserted his wife, Victoria, and set out for St. Croix and his old love, Rhoda, he was obeying an impulse which he couldn't analyze and which amazed him even as he obeyed it. From there on the story concerns Adam and Rhoda and the efforts of the man to win back the affections of the big negress, with the lives of both tangled up by the coming of Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal to the island. By and large Mr. Roosevelt has a lot to answer for. The best illustration of the attitude of the St. Croix islander to the "NooDeal" is given in Adam's song:

"NooDeal say when you come to die
De time is pass' when you got to fly.
Jest set at ease and take the wheel
And roll into Heaben in an automobile."

There were times when we were all immersed in Mr. Heyward's novel. When they started handing out the six-acre parcels of land to be sown in cane and to be bought on time with the option of buying six more acres if you were industrious, we almost started packing our bags. But when we had finished the book and had time to sleep on it, we decided that maybe we weren't cut out to be a planter after all. And that's not right; if Mr. Heyward had done his job properly, we should probably be en route to the West Indies now, more than likely down below decks sharpening our machete and champing to get started on our six-acre bit.

Door to Escape

BY EDWARD DIX

THE DAYS ARE FLED, by Percy Marks. Frederick A. Stokes. \$2.50.

THE blonde at the lending library says that people right now don't want to read anything that has to do with the war. People who used to come in, look around, and say, "What kind of book d'you think I'd like?" or "Did I like the last book you gave me?" seem to have made up their minds, she says. They just run in, now, crying, "Please don't give me anything that has to do with the war!"

Well, the blonde can give them Percy Marks' "The Days are Fled." What a perfectly sweet book! O Lord, if Thou shouldst happen to have tucked away somewhere in a corner of Thy pictorial heaven a little place as characterless as the town of Sharon in the United States of America, show me the way to it, Lord. If Thou shouldst know of any man whose mortality weighed no heavier upon him than did Stuart Shaw's, make me that man, Lord. Better yet—and with no fear of prejudicing recruiting—make me, O Lord, a character out of a novel by Percy Marks. For that way must lie the tranquillity of nothingness.

No, this is doing Mr. Marks too much of an injustice. After all, if some men must bleed, is it any reason why others should forego their cakes and ale? I'd gladly take all the ale that Mr. Marks could pour out if it weren't that his brand of sentimental-

ity, in war or out of war, is more than even an unconvincing pacifist can hold.

It may be that the blonde at the lending library is right. It may be that we are due again for a literature of escape. But let all be warned who think they see in Mr. Marks the right exit. They're going to get stuck.

The story of "The Days are Fled"? Is there any point in telling it? It's the story of a man who ought to have been a musical genius and wasn't, but who found his proper compensation in being the means by which the genuine stuff was born. Actually at one time I expected the story was about to develop into that old-timer: classics versus swing. But even that little

conflict didn't come off.

Final score: No Hits. No Runs. No Errors.

COMING EVENTS

PERFECTION in any art carries with it the quality of eternal freshness. When people's emotions are deeply stirred by a beautiful statue, a great painting, inspired writing, the divine touch of a musical genius or the performance of a renowned actor, they desire to cling to those exalted moments and to gain renewed enjoyment from their repetition. Few prominent entertainers can conclude a concert or make a personal appearance to the satisfaction of their audience without singing that song or giving that performance which, in the past, had left the deepest impression upon their admirers.

So it is, that when an announcement appears of an impending engagement of Ruth Draper in any community, Miss Draper is literally deluged with requests, and even demands, that she include in her performance this or that particular character sketch. Several admirers will ask for "Three Women and Mr. Clifford," others for "Opening a Bazaar" or "Three Breakfasts," while there is certain to be a strong demand that the artist include "In a Church in Italy" in whatever program she may offer. There are many Draper devotees who will not be satisfied until they have seen "In County Kerry" again. In fact, every sketch in Miss Draper's extensive repertoire of character studies has its own particular following.

It will be welcome news to Toronto theatre-goers that Ruth Draper will return for an engagement of three days, beginning on Thursday, January 11, at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. There will be a matinee on Saturday. The entire net proceeds of Miss Draper's present Canadian tour will be donated to the Canadian Red Cross Society.

IN TRIBUTE to Finland, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra will present a Sibelius program on Tuesday evening, January 9th., at Massey Hall, with Sir Ernest MacMillan conducting. Finland's national hero, and deemed by many to be the greatest of modern composers, Jan Sibelius, is supremely individual and unaffected by that influence of German scholasticism with which he undoubtedly came in contact during his years of study in Berlin. Supremely nationalistic, he has given the spirit of his heroic country full expression for the first time in music. He not only enjoys the affection of his people but the admiration of music-lovers throughout the world. The program selected by Sir Ernest MacMillan, and to be performed at Massey Hall on Thursday night, January 9th., includes Sibelius' "Finlandia," his "Symphony No. 2 in D Major," "Tapiola," "The Swan of Tuonela," the "Valse Triste" and his "Karelia Suite." Also on the program will be the "Berceuse" and "Praeludium" of Jarnefelt, brother-in-law of Sibelius, and himself a distinguished composer.

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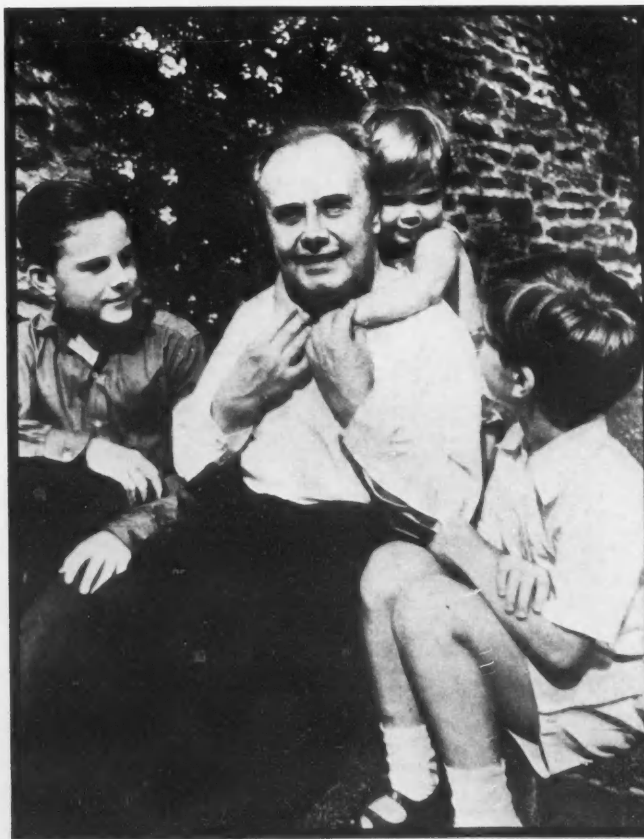
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JOSEF HOFMANN, the celebrated pianist, with his three sons, Anton, baby Peter and Edward. Mr. Hofmann appears at Eaton Auditorium on Jan. 11.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Story of a Welsh Miner

BY W. S. MILNE

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, by Richard Llewellyn. Ryerson. \$2.50.

THE lyric mood of the title is amazingly sustained throughout the six hundred pages of this remarkable novel. It is the story of a family of Welsh miners two generations ago. It is written in the form of reminiscences told by the youngest son, now an old man, about to leave the house of his fathers, and the loved valley, now no longer green, but black with the slag heaps that have crept forward year after year, encroaching on the hillside, and the clear running stream, and the gardens, until now at last the old house is beginning to disintegrate under the pressure of the broken rock. Soon the wave will have mounted to the roof level, and the weight will crush it in, and then the slag heap will advance over it, and no one will know where it has been. Huw Morgan is the old man's name, and the story he tells covers a period of some fifteen years, while he was growing from childhood to young manhood.

It tells of the gradual change from the old relationship between mine-owners, native and resident, and their men, a relationship almost patriarchal. This was succeeded by the era of exploitation, absentee owners, consolidation and sliding scales. The men began to organize, mine by mine, mine with mine, and at length the miners with other industries. There were strikes and lock-outs, sabotage and coercion. The older Morgan boys became labor leaders; the father remained loyal to the owners, and still trusted by the men, ever trying to mediate between the two extremes of violent council, and losing his life in the struggle.

This is one side of the story. The other, more personal side tells of Huw's upbringing, and particularly of his mother, a beautifully drawn character, and of his experiences over the mountain, at

the board school, and the petty persecutions he suffered at the hands of his teacher, an Anglicized Welshman, ashamed of his own people. It tells of the coming of manhood, and his first love, and it tells of the communal life of his people, radiating from two centres of power, love of music, and worship of God. The hearts of these people were warm; they were sober and God-fearing and kind and hospitable. They were also implacable in their opposition to anything that seemed evil to them, whether it was injustice of their employers or the errors of the flesh of one of their own community. Public opinion was so strong that they needed no police in the valley until the mines began to bring in English or half-English navvies. There is an account of a lynching that was an act of wild justice which is one of the most moving scenes of this fine novel.

"How Green Was My Valley" is remarkable above all for the fine sensitive poetic style in which it is written. It seems to express the cadences of the spoken English of cadences of the spoken English of one for whom English was not the natural speech. The result is a prose style of freshness and beauty, which must be read slowly and savored. Not since Sygne transfigured the idiom of the Aran islanders has peasant dialect been so successfully rendered into love-ly full-flavored English. The writer is a poet, who is always ready to dwell affectionately on sensory impressions: not just what he hears and sees, but what he smells and tastes and touches. There are some admirable accounts of feasts here, and the author will turn lovingly aside from the main business of his story to dwell on the smooth and fragrant beauty of a freshly planed board in a carpenter shop.

This novel is recommended by the British Book Society, and has maintained third place on English best-seller lists for some time. Its popularity is unexpected but deserved.

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Looking down on the busy Boardwalk at Atlantic City.

PORTS OF CALL

A Paradise for the Winter Vacationist

THE half-way spot between Canada and Florida is an island just off the coast of New Jersey on which has risen a great seashore metropolis, Atlantic City, an all-year health and pleasure resort.

Canadians and those from Northern New York and New England, who find themselves in need of a vacation in mid-winter, frequently make a trip to Atlantic City for they have learned that here is a place truly a paradise for the winter vacationist who is limited as to time or capital.

An over-night train ride brings one to the world-famous Boardwalk where the warm breeze off the Gulf Stream and the direct as well as reflected rays of the sun combine to make every day a pleasant one. There was a time when Atlantic City was looked upon as a summer resort but that was fifty years ago and since that time millions have come to learn that it is a delightful vacation ground during all twelve months of the year.

Approximately 150,000 persons celebrated this past New Year's Eve in the many play spots in the resort, an evidence that fun can be had in spite of the fact that the surf is too cool for bathing. The city itself has a standing population of 66,000 persons and its suburban communities some 20,000 more.

As previously mentioned the Boardwalk loses none of its glamor with the change of the seasons. It might even be said that it takes on added charm. Seven miles long and bordered on one side by the beach and ocean and on the other by the hotels and beautiful residences, the promenade presents a glowing invitation to the strollers. And even those who are here for a complete rest can enjoy the "walk" as some 2,000 rolling chairs are available for hire. In one of these chairs two or even three persons can be pushed along at a leisurely pace past the multitude of interesting shops and exhibits and, while viewing these, still be comfortably relaxed.

BY LOU CUNNINGHAM

Towering high above the Boardwalk stroller or rolling chair rider are the hotels, famous the world over. These are different for the most part from hostels found elsewhere. Here emphasis has been placed on rest and recreation. Spacious lobbies and sun-decks are there for those who wish to spend the day resting, and carefully planned entertainment programs are arranged for those seeking diversion. A guest in any of the larger hotels could spend his entire visit on the hotel property and still have a most enjoyable vacation. The resort boasts of some 1100 hotels, both large and small, and prices range from as low as \$1.50 a day to \$20 depending on the accommodations desired.

While the entire panorama of the great seashore metropolis during the winter months reflects rest and relaxation, there are plenty of sports for those who desire them. Equestrians canter their mounts up and down the broad, flat beach, truly a fine bridle path, with the added feature of safety and freedom from the automobiles which dart from side-roads and cross the path back home. Bordered on one side by the ocean and on the other by the Boardwalk, the eight mile stretch of beach is truly a delightful bridle path.

On the other hand, if golf is preferred, a short motor trip brings one to any of the five courses at Northfield, Seaview, Linwood, Somers Point and Brigantine. Many of the golfers, both skilled and duffers alike, from the metropolitan centers maintain memberships in these clubs and play there during their vacations at the shore or when their home courses are locked with snow.

Salt Water Swimming

While the ocean is too cold for surf bathing at this time of the year, several of the hotels have fine salt water swimming pools which are open to the public. Large sun lamps sur-

round the pools and a coat of tan can also be acquired. The nearby woodlands provide a garden spot for the hunters while traps are also available for those who like trapshooting.

The Boardwalk is open to the bicyclists every morning before nine o'clock. Wheels may be rented at several of the hotels as well as at stands along the "walk."

The great municipal convention hall, largest in the world, features ice hockey and ice skating throughout the winter. Each Friday and Saturday evening finds the Atlantic City Sea Gulls playing leading amateur teams from the United States and Canada. The hall is open for public skating on the other evenings and every afternoon.

The rest of the shore entertainment program presents a combination of squash tournaments, lectures and other events of a cultural nature, motion pictures, hotel grilles and night clubs. In other words there is always something for the visitor to do.

TRAVELERS

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hardie of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, are spending the holiday season in Montreal, guests of the former's father, Mr. Charles E. Hardie. On the return of Mr. Hardie to Charlottetown, Mrs. Hardie will be the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Drysdale of Montreal.

Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. Sedley S. Blanchard, of Edmonton, have arrived in Ottawa to take up their residence there. Mrs. Blanchard was formerly Miss Elizabeth Bunty Douglas, of Edmonton.

Mrs. J. Leonard MacGregor, who has been a guest at the Royal Hotel in Saint John, N.B., since closing her summer house, "Lenwood," at Westfield, has arrived in Montreal to spend the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Curzon Dobell and their family have returned from their cottage at North Hatley, and have taken up their residence in Montreal at 463 Mount Stephen Avenue.

Mrs. Kate Drummond Hay of Winnipeg spent the Christmas season in Vancouver with her parents, Sir George and Lady Bury.



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ABOUT FOOD

How's Your Sex Appeal?

BY JANET MARCH

WHAT about afternoon tea now that the men have gone back to their offices till next Christmas and stopped turning up at home at queer hours with a pal, and saying patronizingly "Janet is having tea, but you'll have something better won't you?" If the pal does act the little gentleman and takes a cup of tea with you, you can see him sniffing in a surprised way. Your best jasmine does not smell or taste like the dark brown brew which his stenographer doles out to him with a biscuit at the office.

A French scientist once deserted his native mixture of coffee and chicory and went adventuring in the realms of tea to report that "tea drinkers possess an unusual amount of sex appeal." This is very comforting for women who like to gather together between four and five, and never stop until the third cup has been reached. The Frenchman went further, and betrayed his race even more, for we've all heard that the French like their wine. "Persons with alcoholic tendencies emit practically no radiations of the required quality"—sex appeal. Are we to pitch all we ever learned about the French and 'amour overboard? Can 50,000 Frenchmen be wrong and one right

or are we all being led down a scientific trail thick with red herrings?

Frenchmen aside we were all brought up to believe in the fatal attractions of the rake, who over-indulged and leered, and so endowed led innocent young things astray. Even though he was hissed in the melodramas, no one ever cheated themselves into denying his charm. Perhaps charm isn't a radiation, which when you think about it sounds like a bit of the heating system, and doesn't lead you to pink lights and private dining rooms.

In any case scientists or not this column goes on record as being strongly pro-tea. Of course we can use any scientific perquisites we pick up while sipping our afternoon cups. An afternoon without hot tea in the winter and iced tea in the summer is an afternoon which leads straight to a bad tempered evening. January is one of the best months in which to consider tea and its trimmings. A purring cat on the fender stool, a tea tray with its silver gleaming in the fire light, and a good dose of slightly acid female gossip, and you have the late hours of the afternoon well spent.

Nearly everyone has his favorite brand of tea, Indian or China according to taste. All tea is good if it is well made with fresh boiling water and is not allowed to sit and become a dark and sour brew. Chinese jasmine tea is one of the pleasantest of the aromatic teas, but it is an acquired taste, and an expensive one too.

Toast, crumpets, or small hot tea biscuits make a good start. You may be one of those brave people who have the energy to spread jam on their toast, or even honey. Finger bowls are really more necessary for tea than for dinner. Plain buttered toast is excellent for the lazy, or give them cinnamon now and then for a treat.

Chocolate cake is classic tea fare, and the classics are very fine things in their right place—better at tea than in the classroom.

Chocolate Cake

- 1/2 cup of butter
- 1 cup of sugar
- 4 squares of unsweetened chocolate
- 1/4 cup of sugar
- 1/4 cup of milk
- 2 cups of sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons of baking powder



IN THIS BAROQUE BEDROOM showing both English and Italian 17th Century influence, the walls, the carpet and the damask window-drapes are of ivory. Stripped pine window-cornices top the draperies. Ivory damask matching the draperies is combined with rich crimson velvet on the canopied bed, which is flanked by Italian 17th Century gilt pedestals. From Italy, too, came the 17th Century green granite-topped dressing-table, on which are a pale brass mirror and candelabra from the Russian province of Georgia. A William and Mary gilded bench, a fine Queen Anne side-chair and Baccarat crystal candelabra are other interesting furnishings.

—Photo courtesy Interior Decorating Bureau, Eaton's-College Street.

- 1/2 teaspoon of soda
- 1/2 teaspoon of salt
- 4 eggs
- 3/4 cup of milk
- 1 teaspoon of vanilla extract.

Cream the sugar and butter thoroughly. Cook together in the top of the double boiler the chocolate, and 1/4 cup of sugar and 1/4 cup of milk until it is smooth and thickened slightly, and leave it to cool. Sift together the flour, baking powder, soda, and salt. Add the chocolate mixture, which by now should have cooled, to the butter and sugar. Add

Molasses Cookies

These will stay crisp and fresh indefinitely if you have an air tight can for them.

- 3 1/2 cups of sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon of soda
- 1/2 teaspoon of nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon of ground cloves
- 1/2 teaspoon of cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 1/2 cup of butter
- 1/2 cup of brown sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup of molasses
- 1/4 cup of warm water

Sift the dry ingredients. Cream the butter and sugar, and add the egg, and then the molasses. Add the flour mixture to the egg mixture alternately with the water. If necessary add more flour to make a dough you can roll. Chill. Roll as thin as possible—1/8th of an inch—and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Brandy Snaps

- 1 cup of butter
- 2 cups of sugar
- 1 egg
- Grated rind of one lemon
- 1 teaspoon of grated nutmeg
- 1 cup of water
- 1/4 cup of brandy
- 5 cups of flour

Cream the butter, and add the sugar gradually, then beat in the egg and the grated lemon rind and nutmeg. Add the water and brandy and mix in the flour slowly. Chill and roll the dough out thin, and cut in rounds and bake in a moderate oven.

TRAVELERS

His Imperial Highness, the Archduke Felix of Austria, spent Christmas with Their Excellencies at Government House, Ottawa.

Sir Edward Disher of Dalhousie University, Halifax, spent Christmas in Hamilton, the guest of his sister, Mrs. R. C. Storms and Mr. Storms. He spent the New Year holiday in Toronto with Mr. Robert McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Killam of Montreal are spending several weeks at their residence in Nassau, The Bahamas.

Mr. C. V. M. Townsend of Montreal is spending several weeks at Miami Beach, Florida.

Miss Ailsa Mathewson has returned to Montreal from Kingston where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. H. T. Wilson, for the Christmas Dance at the Royal Military College.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Dakers Paterson have left Montreal for Naples, Florida, where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. E. W. Sanson of Ottawa and her little daughter, Anne, are spending a short time in Montreal, and later will go to Kingston, where they will live.

Mrs. Frank Spry of Barrie, Ont., has left to spend part of the winter in Berkeley, California, where Mr. Spry will join her later.



MRS. ARTHUR HAMILTON KINGSMILL, whose marriage took place at Toronto on December 16. Mrs. Kingsmill is the former Elizabeth Devlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Devlin.

—Photograph by Ashley and Grippen.

the vanilla to the 3/4 cup of milk, then add a little flour mixture to the sugar mixture, then add a little milk and continue alternately ending up with the addition of the last of the flour. Sprinkle the egg whites with salt, beat until stiff and then fold them into the batter. Fill your tin two thirds full and bake in a moderate oven—350°. Ice with—

Fudge Frosting

- 3 squares of unsweetened chocolate
- 3 cups of sugar
- 1 cup of milk
- 3 tablespoons of light corn syrup
- 2 tablespoons of butter
- Salt
- 1/2 teaspoon of vanilla

Melt the chocolate in the double boiler, and add the sugar, milk and corn syrup. Cook over direct low heat stirring, until the mixture forms a soft ball in cold water. Take off the heat and stir in the butter, and beat until the icing is warm, then add salt and vanilla, and spread.



IN THIS DINING ROOM panels of French Empire period depicting the Four Seasons in grisaille have sulphur-yellow walls as a background. The floor is of black linoleum, the rug a Louis XVI Aubusson in gray-beige, celadon, yellow and garnet. Curtains of silk striped in gray-beige, garnet and sulphur are swagged through gilt rings. The original Adam design mantel from Berkeley Square, London, is surrounded by antiqued mirror. The drop-leaf table and side-table are original Hepplewhite pieces circa 1790, and the garnet satin tub-chairs and the floral-decorated shield-back chairs are Hepplewhite replicas, while the candelabra on ebonized pedestals and the urns on the mantel are authentic Empire.

—Photo courtesy Interior Decorating Bureau, Eaton's-College Street.



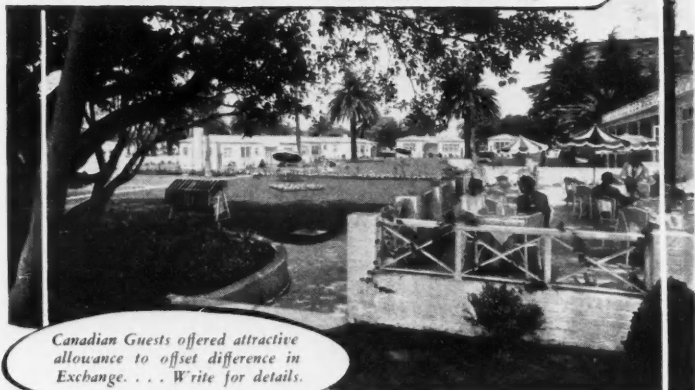
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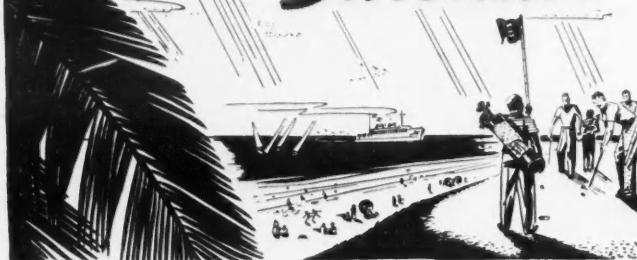
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WORLD OF WOMEN

Leap Year Comes But Once in Four

BY ISABEL MORGAN

It is statum et ordaint that during the rein of hir maist blisssit Megeste, for ilk yeare knowne as lepe yeare, ilk mayden ladye of bothe highe and lowe estait shall haue liberte to bespeke ye man she likes, albeit he refuses to taik hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane pundis or less, as his estait shall be; except and awis gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothit ane ither woman he then shall be free.

THIS quotation is from a law proclaiming an "open season" on bachelors, and was enacted in Scotland in 1288.

Interesting to reflect that in at least one respect the modern woman in her emancipation remains as old-fashioned as a lace valentine. She, too, believes it is the right of man to propose—of woman to dispose. Even Victoria whose queenly prerogatives made it necessary for her to do the asking found it a tough job.

Perhaps the modern woman is wise enough to know that with the establishment of a "right" there follows the loss of many precious privileges. And of course, as every bright girl knows, there are other ways and means to aid her "to bespeke the man she likes."

Cavalcade

We who live far from the scene of war can have few ideas of the profound changes it has wrought in the lives of everyone in the British Isles. We all know from newspaper reading about the problems of living in a black-out but now and then the English mail brings a letter picturing a small facet of life under wartime conditions which somehow enlarges into

a complete scene. The letter which follows comes from a Canadian woman who was wooed and won by a Glasgow lawyer while studying in Paris. With their young daughter they now live in Scotland.

"Dear C—: This typing is rotten. I am trying to speed up and in so doing, I hit all the wrong stops. Please forgive mistakes and also writing you thus as this is a war measure. If M—'s typists leave to do war work, I must be ready to be his typist and this is the only way I can learn without losing a lot of time. It's the spelling that beats me. In typing, a word is either right or not, whereas if you write it—well, you can slur it a bit.

"I will not forget the day before war broke out. Being on the committee to receive evacuees, I got word to be at the station to meet them. Three hundred and fifty for a town of five thousand! As the long train came slowly in to the platform my heart sank—they looked so tired and dirty.

"Our household swelled from three and a maid to eleven. Five evacuees from Glasgow (living down near the docks—"north end" people), my sister-in-law from Edinburgh and a boy refugee from Prague. This boy Paul came to us in the summertime. We volunteered to look after him for a while. He's sixteen.

"The house was pandemonium. It lasted for several days then the Glasgow ones, not liking the country, returned home. Like many others of their kind they just couldn't adjust themselves to new conditions. Of course it would have been different

had the towns been bombed as we all fully expected. Even yet I am keeping a room vacant for emergency.

"I suppose you read all about us here, so I won't repeat news. One gets used to the idea of danger and just goes on. At the first attempt at the Forth Bridge my sister-in-law was back in Edinburgh for a few days to see if her husband was comfortable. She heard the guns and looked out the bedroom window to see a German plane "hedge-hopping" as the new term is, over the roof of the church a few yards from their back door. It flew so low it couldn't go over the steeple. It just banked around it! Of course, the poor beggar went low so that the pursuing planes could not fire on it without hitting houses and people below. However he was chased out to sea and brought down.

"K—, as you know, has been to boarding school in Edinburgh for the last two years. Her whole school is evacuated to T— Castle away among the hills and comparatively safe. Yet a German plane (with bombs in it) was brought down less than ten miles away.

"You would be thrilled with the Castle. It dates from the twelfth century and has been always lived in. At present the earl and his family live in one wing. The central section and part of the other wing is given over to the school. This is the older part. The square turreted tower with battlements is five or six storeys high. There are no modern stairs—just stone steps winding round and round the turrets, with bow-and-arrow slits for windows. Thank goodness, they have electric light and central heating (up to a point).



MRS. JOYCE HORNYANSKY, the well-known Toronto cellist, and her daughter Barbara, wear their gas masks while walking on the beach at Sheringham, Norfolk, England. They recently returned to Canada.

"The big dining room where the children eat is full of priceless ancestral portraits—Romneys and Raeburns. The library where the headmistress has her quarters is immense, and one room is given over entirely to books in French. Part of the state drawing room is used for a classroom. The wallpaper in this room, white background with large curving green branches ending in scrolls, is over a hundred years old—and beautiful it still is. The whole place is filled with priceless things collected by people who have cultivated tastes and the wealth to gratify them. And the beauty of it is that everything is in constant use and dusted by the housemaids every day. That's what gives the castle an air of having slowly grown into a place of real character. The earl is between fifty and sixty

and enjoys playing with the children. He does a great deal to make them happy.

"All our restrictions and blackouts have become quite a habit and we cease to worry. It is wonderful how one gets used to things. Imagine, if you can, walking down a busy street in Glasgow at five in the evening. Everything is pitch dark. Not a shop

light shows and motor lights are only little slits shining dimly on the pavement. You scramble along as best you can with a lot of other people you can't even see. And when you get into a bus in daylight the windows are completely blacked out except for a slit nearest the floor. Queer at first, but one develops a sixth sense to help one navigate."

General Grant Said It!

BY BERNICE COFFEY

FORGET the foreign word cosmetics. Under cosmetics one thinks too easily of lipstick and rouge. That is not really what matters today. We women should rather think of physical culture. Naturally this physical culture must fit the times in its methods. It is incorrect to advise the use of milk for facial care. After all, there are so many other simple applications, new and age-old, which do the skin good."

These, dears, are the words of Frau Anna Charlotte Roemer, director of the German - labor - front's - strength - through - joy - recreation - movement-beauty-course.

Frau Roemer's advice leaves one with the impression that German women had better let nature take care of the beauty problem without any help from them. Also that they will need large reserves of joy from which to draw the strength to keep clean.

The "beauty" course takes notice of the soap shortage by offering discussion under the heading "bathing despite lack of soap." As a cheap substitute for soap the "beauty" course director suggests adding to the bath a brew made of spruce tree and needles, or the water from peeled potatoes. Air baths also are considered of help in keeping the skin and clothes clean longer. Rain-water or cleansing fluids brewed from horse chestnut, ivy leaves and soapwort are recommended for beauty reserves.

Ah, me, General Grant didn't say the half of it when he made his classical remark about war.

Seeing Stars

Stars in your eyes and stars on your fingers. Here's how for the latter: Use a brilliant colored polish all over the nails and while it is still wet use a pin-point to draw a star-sequin in the centre of the nail. Let the polish dry and then cover the whole job with a coat of colorless base polish.

Headly News

In a few weeks the vanguard of the new hats will begin appearing in the millinery departments of the shops—and on the heads of various prescient women. The launching of a new millinery silhouette is always exciting news and when it is done by no less an authority than Lilly Daché it takes on all the significance of an accomplished fact. The turban with a low backline instead of the high-in-front movement we're used to now is Daché's latest note for the coming spring. She says it springs from two widely divergent sources—the "covered ears" coiffure of Cleo de Merode, melodramatic spy of the 1890's and the deeply swathed turban of the Javanese beauty.

This chignon turban which covers the hair entirely—like a deep skullcap—and ends in a huge chou of material at the back of the neck looks particularly effective in the softly colored hand-blocked batik fabrics they wear in Java. But this is only one of its various interpretations. Another is made of black straw braid and its chignon drapery is decorated with two Javanese jewellery hairpins. A third is black hackle feathers with a chignon of white dogwood flowers.

Gold Standard

It's the gold standard that's back . . . and front . . . and interior . . . of

many of the new evening bag beauties. There's gold lamé, gold kid, gold lace, gold satin linings, gold clips on paste moires, gold bracelet handles, gold frames to set off "jewels" . . . and, most Midaslike touch of all, gold—real gold leaf painted by hand on exquisite silk paisley. The details of the latter lovely are particularly interesting.

Lengths of beautifully stamped silk paisley from the House of Bianchini are selected in France and the colorful design carefully traced out in fine dull gold leaf by the skillful hand of a designer. As each few yards are completed, they are flown by plane to this continent where these luxurious paisleys are translated into designs of unusual beauty—with handsome gold frames, studded with "jewels" that pick up the paisley tones. They are one-of-a-kind, for each design is worked out in different colors and patterns.

Sparkling gold lamé fashions another bit of evening magic that's soft and supple as mesh, large and roomy as a commodious travelling bag. Evening bags usually are dainty and pretty trifles with room for not much more than your lipstick. Thus, the shameless habit of stuffing your escort's pocket with all manner of cosmetic gadgets.

Gold and black lamé to match costume fabrics by Germaine Monteil is used interestingly in two or three original designs—one long, flat "pouch-like" with a full-face mirror hidden under its top. This, too, creates the Persian mood and has been named "Boutique Fantastique" after one of the scores from the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. And "Capriccio Espagnole" describes a small bag of gold lace drawn in soft pleats over gold satin that has inside a tiny fan of the same gold lace.

Lace is lovely news in these evening bags, and it looks shockingly extravagant. Black lace over white satin—all white in lace and satin, silver lace and silver satin . . . they look like fairyland. Fans of exquisite design and immense coquette appeal are tucked inside many of these—a challenge to glamor girls to brush up on the lore of fan-vocabulary so well known to grandmama.

Flowerly Stuff

At the opening of the Metropolitan Opera in New York flowers followed a number of new rules. There were first of all the wide variety of blooms in the hair. Aside from little bows they were the only hair ornaments that counted. Orchids were worn standing up straight in curled-over topknots; double pink camellias tucked into a back wave or at the side in front; pairs of carnations, often in two colors like pink and white, and pairs of white gardenias nestled against curls swept high on the side. Instead of wearing them as corsages, many chose to wear orchids and gardenias pinned to puffs or carried in sprays in the hand.

Muffs made their mark in the lobbies between acts. A large flat muff of ermine, gardenia-trimmed; a small barrel-shaped ermine muff had a black velvet ribbon tied around its centre. One or two small round muffs were made out of the dress satin and edged with fur to match the wrap. These were slung over the left arm like huge bracelets.



FOR WEAR UNDER EARLY SPRING SUITS, a georgette blouse with unusual trimmings of crepe satin.



Surveys reveal that, today, an overwhelming percentage of goods are bought by women.

It is also generally recognized that in cases where the woman does not make the actual purchase she has probably had a big "say"—if not the last "say"—in the choice of the particular type or brand of article selected. The woman's influence, therefore, is of paramount importance to every manufacturer regardless of the kind of product he makes.

That is why CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is such an important factor in every sales and merchandising plan. Ranking as Canada's Favorite Woman's Magazine, this publication is read by able-to-buy families in every fourth home in Canada.

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THE MAGAZINE THAT GETS THINGS DONE!

The Little Blue Glass Heart

BY AUDREY ALEXANDRA BROWN

EUROPE today continues to move steadily towards war. From London come reports that the British Government has sent an ultimatum to Berlin, demanding that Germany cease hostilities against Poland and withdraw her troops from Polish soil. The last flicker of hope is waning. It is almost certain that in a few more hours Great Britain and Germany will be at war.

The staccato voice stopped, and Virginia reached out and snapped off the radio just as it jarred into a blare of dance-music. The room became suddenly silent, but she still sat with her head a little bent down as if she were listening. It was very cold, she thought. She got up, pulling her coat around her, shivering. She saw her face in the glass and it looked like a stranger's, white and empty, so that she rubbed her hand across it for a moment, shutting her eyes, trying to swallow, to pull herself together. Her face felt stiff, set in a mask over which she had no control. Her heart felt stiff too, frozen and immovable; only she was conscious of pain somewhere, like a patient imperfectly anaesthetized—pain that she was afraid to come alive to face. But it would have to be faced. She must get out of the house into the streets, go somewhere, anywhere, it didn't matter where—anything to be free of the dreadful four walls that were narrowing in on her and strangling her. If she could not out-distance the pain, at least she could get into some place that would be big enough for her and it.

SHE caught up from her table the little Persian box. It was tiny and old, of black lacquer painted with blossoms of rose-red and orange and scarlet and purple. Inside there was something very small, very carefully rolled up in silk that smelt of lavender. She held it in her hand for a moment, looking down at it: it was something which she had kept for twenty-three years as if it were a treasure; and indeed to her it had been a treasure, though it had no value in itself and was only an evidence of what might have been. She thrust it into her pocket and turned away.

The streets were full of the mild mellow sunlight of early autumn, the time of year Virginia had always loved and dreaded because it was so beautiful and so brief. Today she went by and scarcely saw it and felt no pang at the heart. What did it matter now, that the year must die and that it was so lovely in its death? Death—the word struck like an icy arrow into her breast. She was shivering, she clenched her teeth to keep them from chattering; the sun was warm on her face but the cold was within her.

She went to the sea. She had been born within sight and hearing of the sea, and in times of stress she turned to it instinctively. She came up over the steep hill and looked south, and she was on the crest of the world with the sky before her and the sea below. It was a cruelly treacherous harbor, but the currents that laced it only made it more beautiful, patterning its blue with paler blue so that it looked like watered silk. Sky and sea were transparent as glass: a bright filament or two of cloud lay along the horizon. There was a haze that hid the mountains of the American shore; it was as if the world ended with the sea. A sob caught in her throat. She turned aside to the small wooden bench set where it faced across the harbor. A man was sitting there already, and for a moment she hesitated; she had hoped for solitude. But he never moved; his face was turned seaward. She went up quietly and sat down; he did not look toward her. She shifted to

shut him out of her range of vision, and forgot him.

NOW there was only herself and the sea. For a time she was very still, looking out, out, out across and into that translucent illimitable blue. You might look into it, sending out your soul to follow your eyes, for miles, till you were dizzy and lost; and still there was depth on depth, paler and clearer than glass, bright and light, forever. She had half thought that here she might escape from the pain, might lay it down on the shore and slip away beyond it. It could have been, here in this large place, if anywhere. But it could not quite be, even here. The pain was in her breast, dragging her back.

She unrolled the tiny silk cocoon, shaking out into her palm what it had contained. It lay there shining. It was no bigger than a ten-cent piece—a little heart of milky smooth blue glass. It looked like something that might have come out of a Christmas cracker. And so it had, thirty years ago. She shut her eyes, hearing her own voice, an awed child-voice that belonged in another world.

"Let me see it, Dick! Oh Dick, it's lovely. Ever so much nicer than mine—I only got a whistle. Oh Dick, would you trade with me?"

"No," said the boy's voice, with decision. "I'm going to keep it."

"How long?"

"Oh, for years. Till I grow up. Maybe forever."

The girl's voice breathed wistfully. "If you ever give it to anyone, will you give it to me?"

His voice was loudly. "If I ever give it to anyone... Well—maybe."

SHE had adored Dick even when they were children together, she a pale slim grave little girl and he a tall frank-faced boy with bright brown hair and laughing eyes. Everyone had loved Dick. They both grew up, but he did not change. There was something about him that drew the heart, something gay and gallant and irresistibly, indestructibly young. He looked like a winged creature who could never know weariness or sorrow.

As they grew up, he and she, they grew close. In April, 1916, he was eighteen years old. On the afternoon of his birthday they went for a walk together, and he told her he had enlisted.

"Couldn't wait," he said, "I'm too tall to be out of khaki. What'll you say," he teased her, "when I'm back with my medals on my breast? You've got such big eyes, Gini—they'll be bigger than ever. You... Oh Gini—" his voice caught—"Gini, when I come back we'll be married. There's no one for me but you—there'll never be anyone but you!"

She had not said, "Perhaps you'll not come back." Nothing could happen to Dick; surely nothing could happen to Dick! They had clung and kissed; yes, she had that to remember.

And "Look," he had said, "have you forgotten the blue glass heart? I was going to keep it forever: well, it's not giving it away to give it to you. Keep it for me till I can give you something better. Oh, Gini, we're going to be so happy. This is forever. We're not like other people—we'll never grow sad or tired or old—" And indeed he never did; for before the year was out he was dead in a prison-hospital in Germany.

SHE had not shed any tears when they told her. She had gone about white and silent as a ghost, and sometimes she had wondered at herself because she did not weep. But the girls who wept found consolation in time; they discovered new interests,

they married other men. For her there had been only Dick.

Because she had not seen him die, he had never quite died for her. He had been so much more alive than other people. The tones of his voice were still in her ear—in a moment his face would rise before her like a face mirrored in waveless water... no, she could not bear that, not now. She dropped her face into her hands with a little moan...

"IS ANYTHING the matter?" said a man's voice. It was a curious voice, deep and muted, with some undertone that was strange to her. Surprised because she was not angry, she lifted her head and looked at him. He had turned in his seat, and his eyes, unusually clear and brilliant, looked, not at, but towards, her. She realized with a small cold sense of shock that he was blind.

"Is anything the matter?" he said again. She understood the quality which had puzzled her in his voice—while it spoke, it seemed to listen. She need only murmur a conventional disclaimer and get up and go away. Instead, to her amazement, she heard herself telling him the truth.

"Yes. Help me—I'm not sure I can bear it."

He put out his hand and she laid her own in it, twisting it so that her fingers caught his and clung to them. She was not conscious of him as a man at all, but only as someone strong, stronger spiritually than herself, who could stand against the flood that was sweeping her away.

"What is it?" he asked quietly.

"Are you young?—You sound young."

"I'm thirty nine," Virginia answered. She thought of the face she saw daily in the glass—a worn oval face still retaining some wistful illusion of youth under its cloud of greying hair. "If I seem young," she said,

"it's because I died before I was seventeen. The War killed me when it killed the boy I should have married. Do you remember the War?"

"I should," he said. "I was blinded at Ancre."

"So that's what it did to you!" Her voice broke in a groan that was half a sob. "It took Dick—it took my youth—it took the children we might have had. That's what it did to me; that's what it did to millions. I've been able to bear all these years because I thought, At least it's over forever: no one will have to suffer again as I suffered, no young life will be sacrificed again as Dick's was sacrificed. But I was wrong. We're at war again—did you know it? If not today, then tomorrow. It's to start over again, but a thousand times worse. In all these years Dick has never really died for me—never till today when I knew he died in vain. All wasted, all wasted, all wasted!"

"POOR child," he said, with such compassion that her dry eyes suddenly ran over. She found herself crying with long dreadful sobs that seemed to tear her apart.

"What shall I do, what shall I do? I've had so little to hold to all these years, and now it's gone. I had nothing of Dick except the little glass heart he gave me—a Christmas toy we joked about when we were children. It's seemed alive to me, as Dick seemed alive; it was like a tiny bit of him. But now it's dead as he is dead: I brought it here to bury it."

"No!" he said sharply. "Give it to me." He took it in his free hand and held it for a moment. It glistened like a small blue star. He spoke to her almost roughly, as one shakes a sleeper found in the snow.

"You're not a child," he said. "You're a woman, and God made women able to bear sorrow and suffering—He knew they'd have need! You'll not give in to this: you can bear it. But the truth's bad enough—don't torture yourself with lies. If by death



MRS. W. PALMER HAYHURST, whose marriage took place recently in Timothy Eaton Memorial Chapel, Toronto. Mrs. Hayhurst is the daughter of Mrs. Harold E. Tylor and the late James E. Hunnisett.

—Photograph by Ashley & Crippen.

you mean annihilation, Dick's not dead. You've known it all these years, you know it now. Do you suppose this bit of glass can exist, and not the one that gave it its only meaning?"

She had stopped sobbing; her hand lay in his, and comfort and strength seemed to flow from the touch of his fingers.

"Who are you?" she said.

"I am your fellow-sufferer. Remember, it's as true of you as it is of me and of all Christians—Nothing, nothing in life or in death can conquer us, unless we ourselves lay down our arms. Believe one other thing. We went into the last war thinking, most of us, that it was a war to end war. We thought that maiming and death were the price we must pay for lasting security. It wasn't so; and because it wasn't so, people have been saying for years what you said just now—'They were sacrificed in vain. It was all wasted.' No sacrifice is ever wasted. It may not achieve what

we hoped. We may not know what it achieved. But it *has* achieved; we shall one day know how much... Take your keepsake, and go home, and remember."

HE DROPPED her hand, and she stood up. "While I'm with you," she said, faltering, "I feel strong, I'm not afraid. Will it last, after you're gone? When I'm alone?"

"Yes," he said. "Because I've given you nothing—I've only waked what was in you already. And you'll not be alone; no Christian is ever alone. There's always two—yourself and God."

She turned. The mist had risen along the water, the low sun changed it into a live wall of rose and gold. As she walked home, a deep abiding sense of peace grew within her. She thought of her words and his, and knew she would never forget them. Her question first—"Who are you?" And his answer—she thought, with wonder, the answer Christ would make.

"I am your fellow-sufferer."



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COPPER and HOUSING



Housing is the order of the day. The present Canadian shortage of modern housing accommodations is placed by authorities as high as 55,000 units, in addition to the 25,000 new homes that are needed every year. New agencies are engaged in loaning money for housing. Rentals are moving upward and vacancies

are decreasing. All these are indicative of the movement for more and better homes.

Copper stands to share extensively in this widespread activity. Copper will

be there in the wiring and electrical fixtures of the new homes, in the air-conditioning

apparatus and the refrigerators. Copper will be found in the brass pipes

that insure a free, full flow of water, and in Everdur Metal—a

high-strength copper-silicon alloy widely used for non-rusting hot water tanks. Per-

haps a durable copper roof will shield the home from storms; copper gutters,

leaders and flashings are almost certain to carry off the rain. Copper will

operate the radio, the telephone, the electric lights—brass rods will

sustain the draperies and curtains, bronze will screen the windows. Ornaments

and statuary of bronze will adorn library and drawing room, and finally,

the heir of the home and its greatest treasure will sleep snug in his blanket

secured with stout safety pins. And even they are brass! Anaconda metals

in a multitude of fabricated forms make it possible to build better homes

which will cost less to live in and which will last much longer.

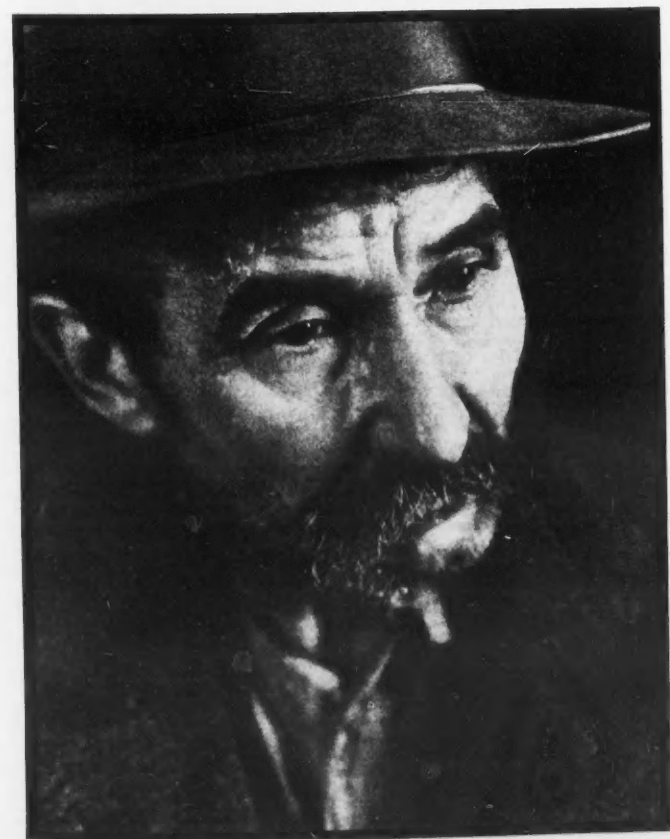


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"THE FORGOTTEN MAN". This photograph by J. Vincent Lewis of 126 Sparks St., Ottawa, was awarded first prize at the International Salon of Pictorial Photography, Leicester, England, and won salon honors at London, Birmingham and other English shows as well as at Melbourne, Aberdeen, Antwerp, Prague, Krakow and other International Salons. The first print is owned by President Roosevelt who inspired its making.

THE BACK PAGE

"Shades of the Prison House"

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

MR. PRENTISS, shopping for a present for his little friend Tinka, reflected that Toyland was a miniature hell. It was, literally, a hell, since, scaled down to childhood size, it represented accurately that larger Gehenna in which adults work tirelessly to madden and destroy each other. Spread out on the counter before him were soldiers, tanks, machine guns, bombing planes and piles of sand-bags for defence. There was even a tiny ambulance for carting away the dead and wounded, and a ghastly little soldier lay on his back, bleeding red paint. Mr. Prentiss shuddered and went on past the G-Man counter (gun, holster and handcuffs) to the electric trains.

The electric trains didn't make him feel any better. The little trains rushed with mad purposelessness about the complicated tracks, tiny whistles shrieked, the place was as demented with arrivals and departures as a subway station. There it was again, he thought, that crazed, prefabricated world of adults, every detail as literal and exact as possible. He opened the door of a metropolitan station and peered inside. There was a rotunda, a restaurant, a ticket booth, and at the end, two little doors, marked "Ladies" and "Gentlemen." Mr. Prentiss closed it hurriedly and moved on.

HE WAS thirty-five, and he had still a Wordsworthian conception of childhood. Wordsworth, with a touch of Hans Christian Andersen. He liked to think of remote little workshops in which simple good craftsmen fashioned lovingly by hand the playthings of innocence—dolls and quaint, carved animals and the odd creatures out of fairy-tales. But how, he reflected, looking about him at the projecting machines, air-ports, studio sound sets and milk-distributing centres,—how could any child grow up in innocence in the awful

miniature Winston Churchill, cigar and all.

Fortunately there were still plenty of the dolls he remembered left on the counter. He selected the blandest and youngest one he could find and ordered it to be sent to Tinka's mother. Then he escaped, through the comparative decency and sanity of the Wardrobe Trunk department, to the outer air.

TINKA'S mother telephoned a few days after Christmas to say Tinka had been delighted with her doll and to invite him to drop in for a glass of sherry on New Year's Day.

Mr. Prentiss, who liked these old-fashioned observances, turned up promptly on New Year's afternoon. There were already three or four guests present, sipping sherry and eating Christmas cake, and presently Tinka herself came in holding her doll. She was a pink-cheeked child in a pinafore, and she wore her hair braided smoothly in two blonde pig-tails. With the doll she looked like an illustration out of an old St. Nicholas magazine.

"Did you thank Arthur for your dolly, darling?" Tinka's mother said.

"Thank you for my dolly, Arthur," Tinka said, and added politely, "Would you like to see how it works?"

"Perhaps another time, Tinka," Tinka's mother said. But Tinka was already into her demonstration. It took Mr. Prentiss several seconds to realize the full functional horror of his offering. He could only stare while Tinka worked away briskly unfastening and fastening safety-pins. Finally she gave the doll a motherly shake and set it down on the floor. "And don't you wet your pants again," she said.

"Good God!" said Mr. Prentiss, and went scarlet to the ears.

Tinka's mother laughed delightedly. "But didn't you know it was that kind of dolly, Arthur?" she asked.



little world created for them by the retail toy trade?

Mr. Prentiss came at last to the doll counter for he had decided to buy Tinka a doll, if there were still any dolls left in the world. As it turned out, of course, there were thousands. But even here the corrupting modern influence had been at work. There were Little Lulu dolls,

LOW NOTE

NO man may boast
Of being bored
Till he's a host
Who is ignored.

LIONEL REID.

Shirley Temples, Charlie McCarthys, worldly Sonja Henies. It wouldn't have surprised Mr. Prentiss by this time if there had been Chamberlains and Hitlers and Hore-Belishas as well. He wouldn't have put it past a modern parent to send her three-year-old to bed on Christmas night cuddling a

On Changing Customs

BY DOROTHY GLAZER

PORTRAIT of a friendship: You shake hands, you clink glasses, you kiss. How old-fashioned.

Why do you shake hands? Why don't you yawn, instead? You've been introduced to someone new. You're not suspicious of him yet! Well, anyone would think you were! The handshake originated from the custom of baring one's weapon hand and holding it out, to signify peaceful intentions. Do you have to do that? Yawning restores the balance of air pressure between the middle ear and the outside air. Result: a wonderful relaxation. Try it. Instead of shaking hands (hands are often dirty), try yawning in the next pretty face you meet. Now we really have the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

You clink glasses. Know where that began? When, in ancient days, Roman gladiators drank their wine before fighting, they poured it back and forth into the other's glass. Each was afraid his friend was trying to poison him. Gradually, through the centuries, they toned it down to a mere clink. But it's a silly habit. Serves no good purpose, and might break a glass. Let's burst out into a hearty laugh instead. Pour the drinks, hand one to your pal, lift the glasses and now, BELLO! Scientists have said that a laugh is often more useful than a prescription of

bitter medicine. And heaven knows, with some of the stuff we've been swallowing these days, we certainly need an aid to digestion!

Now we're at the climax. We're ready for the kissing, the queerest old habit of all. You don't need me to tell you of the harmful effects kissing might have! And where it started? Once upon a time, back before the first century, kinsmen kissed their kinswomen in order to trace any

TWO AND TWO MAKE . . .

I DON'T find golf scores hard to tote. I figure bridge scores quickly; My income tax returns are right. My budgets balance slickly.

But love and "maths" are not the same. At least for this romancer— Each time I try to add YOU up I get a different answer!

JACK EWING.

sips of wine the ladies may have sneaked. Pliny says so. Isn't it ridiculous?

Something must replace kissing. We'll stretch and yawn, rather than shake hands. We'll shriek with laughter, rather than clink glasses. We'll . . . instead of kissing. . . we'll . . . oh, well, we can't change everything at once.



Inside the House of Lords

BY GODFREY MARTIN

(See Pictures on Second Front Page)

FROM time to time irate Members of Parliament, goaded by the fact that the House of Lords can still delay legislation already passed by the House of Commons, will raise the old familiar cry about reforming the Upper House.

Actually, the power to delay—and not reject—is all that is left to a powerful council of barons summoned in the early days of our history to advise the king on such affairs of State as the borrowing of money—usually to pay for a war.

During the 14th century, when Edward III granted much power to his Parliament in exchange for money, with which to carry on the Hundred Years' War, final steps were taken to give Parliament its modern form.

Until that time all sections sat as one body, the great barons dominating the proceedings. Then there were three houses—Barons, Clergy and Commons—but eventually the Clergy formed their own convocation and the division of Lords and Commons took place on lines that exist now.

In this division the knights of the shires, being the smaller landowners, took their places in the Commons with the representatives of town merchants. But the Upper House was not called the House of Lords until 1544. This assembly now consists of two classes, the lords temporal and the lords spiritual. The former number about 700 and are divided into five classes—dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts and barons. The lords spiritual are two archbishops and twenty-four bishops. Also, there are a few lay lords who are peers only for life.

Each member of the House of Lords, save bishops and law lords, is the holder of an hereditary title, which carries with it the right to a seat in the House of Lords. Peeresses in their own right are not allowed to sit.

The Speaker or chairman of the House of Lords is the Lord Chancellor, and his deputy is the chairman of committees. Procedure in the Upper House is very much like that of the House of Commons.

There was a time when members of the Cabinet sat regularly with the Lords, but this practice has declined in recent years. For a long time the power of the Lords and the Commons was equalized to a great ex-

tent, but the power of the Lords over finance was definitely curtailed in the reign of Charles II, and the Parliament Act of 1911—the last round in a long struggle for supremacy—definitely made the Upper House subservient to the Commons.

Proposals for reforming the House of Lords by introducing such things as an elective element have often been put forward but so far none have been accepted.

Most impressive apartment, architecturally speaking, in the whole of

THE ADJ.

BY A. R. HASKELL

WHO, every morning, beats the lark,
Who works each day till after dark
Sans recognition or remark?—

THE ADJ.

Who puts things right with G.H.Q.,
When "Whys?" and "Please Explain!"
"complaints" come through,
Who knows a blooming thing or two?—

THE ADJ.

Who's always wanted on the 'phone,
Who has no time to call his own,
Who's uncrowned king without a throne?—

THE ADJ.

To whom are applications sent
From "Yores sur most obedient;
"May I go 'ome, I 'ates this tent?"—

THE ADJ.

Who always tries to be polite,
Who's always wrong and never right,
Who never pleases all ranks, quite?—

THE ADJ.

The Palace of Westminster (the Houses of Parliament) is the chamber in which the Lords meet to conduct the business of government. Magnificent woodwork, wall paintings and carvings, red benches and giant candelabra, both standard and pendant, brass-work, painted roof and mellowed light from twelve windows give this comparatively modern chamber a feeling of rich antiquity.



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KATE DAN announces her usual Annual January Sale . . . an announcement for which many smart women wait and look for. When such a sale price is announced by Mrs. Dan women have learned to expect the same exacting quality and precision of fit which they are used to in regular-priced Kate Dan foundations. For this reason Kate Dan's will be a popular stopping place these next few weeks among women who take the question of good grooming seriously, and who understand the fundamental fact that no costume is fashionably correct unless it is built on a correct foundation. Women with figures which need modulating, or women with figures which need "building up" are more comfortable in a Kate Dan custom-made foundation. . . . procurable during this timely Annual sale in Kate Dan's noted fine fabrics, brocades, batistes, satins, at the special reduction of ten percent. RA 5676, 82 Bloor Street West.

PURE CANADIAN lambs' wool homespun . . . that's the story from the Pickering Farms who have for many years been specialists in supplying Toronto housewives with better farm produce. This homespun is made of lambs' wool from the Pickering Farms and has been specially woven with a view to pro-

viding a good-cutting width, (54") in fine, firmly woven homespun which answers many questions on the subject of how to remain impeccably tailored in a fabric which wears like iron, which is perennially popular with women with a sophisticated clothes sense. Not only ideal for suits, jackets, dresses and coats for women, it is perfect in trim little frocks for rough-and-tumble little girls . . . and is also being successfully used by decorators for better-than-average furniture covers and drapes. In a fine array of colors. Upstairs at the Pickering Farms, 692 Queen Street East.

A GOOD HUMORED BREAKFAST is the pleasantest way we know to begin a successful day. How much our dispositions depend on the kind of food we consume is a slightly sad revelation that mankind is after all three quarters animal . . . and sometimes after a breakfast which is not a "good humored" one we wonder a little despondently about that other fourth part! A cereal which contains ALL that nature intended for a good meal is a goldmine in disguise, and GOOD HUMOR CEREAL brings to your breakfast table the wheat as it was when your grandparents thrived on it, because its makers have been smart enough to work with nature in the preparation of a breakfast food instead of against it. Nothing is added or taken away from Good Humor. It is wheat at its most digestible best prepared in such a way that the vital germ of the wheat is left uncrushed and in its natural form. Remember . . . if the whole wheat was good enough for nature to prepare as a food it's a mighty important food product. . . . And Good Humor Cereal brings it packaged to your table for less than one cent per serving. Jot down "Good Humor" on your next grocery list.

This column is a service devoted to familiarizing Saturday Night readers with products and organizations of distinctive public interest. Phone AD. 7361 for service charge.

THE FRONT PAGE

Unique in journalism is SATURDAY NIGHT'S "Front Page", where the events of the week are commented upon with gravity or gaiety as the case may be. The Editors reserve the right to choose which attitude.

THE PUBLISHERS

SATURDAY NIGHT, the Canadian Illustrated Weekly